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Byroniana:
The editor says that
the two poems "Arnaldo" and
"Gualdo" were written by Lord
Byron.

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280

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W. D. ...
I have ...
Franklin Whitman

ARNALDO;

AND

OTHER POEMS.

PRINTED BY RICHARD DAVIS WEBB,
GREAT BRUNSWICK-ST. DUBLIN.

A R N A L D O ;

GADDO ;

AND OTHER UNACKNOWLEDGED POEMS ;

BY LORD BYRON,

AND SOME OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES ;

COLLECTED BY ODOARDO VOLPI.

DUBLIN :

PUBLISHED BY W. F. WAKEMAN, D'OLIER STREET.

LONDON : RICHARD GROOMBRIDGE.

MDCCCXXXVI.



P R E F A C E .

It was during a residence at Florence that I first formed an acquaintance with the late Odoardo Volpi. He was as eager in his attachment to English literature as I was to that of Italy ; and by rendering each other mutual assistance in our pursuits, we soon became intimate friends. His literary taste, however, was principally directed towards poetry, while mine is attracted much more by compositions in prose. Signor Volpi was a person of a wandering turn of mind ; and, perhaps, had he attached himself to one pursuit, instead of many, he might have done something to make himself remembered : but he had an equal liking for the three sister arts, and was to be found at one time painting pictures, in the style of the old Italian masters ;

at another, engraving on copper ; and again, he would occupy himself with musical composition. Literature, however, as it gave him less manual trouble, claimed most of his attention, and he wrote English verse with remarkable facility. A few of us were in the habit of meeting in the evenings, and holding literary conversations, at which such of our coterie as were authors used to recite their productions. It was on one of those occasions that Signor Volpi communicated to us the plan which he had formed of publishing in Florence and Rome an English annual miscellany, nearly similar to those which have since become so popular. He thought that when so great a number of English of the higher classes resided in Italy, such a publication would be likely to have considerable success. This projected work was to have been exclusively poetical, and was to consist of productions contributed by various travelling authors, whilst its embellishments were to have been designed and engraved by the editor. It was to differ from

its rivals in this respect, also, that each volume was to contain at least one poem of some length, and to consist of two parts; the one to be entitled ‘THE ROMANTIC ANNUAL,’ while the other was to bear the title of ‘METRICAL MEMORIALS OF MOMUS AND HIS MERRY MEN.’ When he was asked why he had chosen to unite such incongruous materials, he replied by a quotation from Ariosto :—

Signor, far mi convien come fa il buono
Sonator, sopra il suo strumento arguto,
Che spesso muta corda, e varia suono
Ricercando ora il grave, ora l’acuto.

“One soon gets tired,” said he “of too much sentiment, or too much fun: it is, therefore, better to chequer our annual pages, as the days of the year are diversified, with alternate smiles and tears.”

As my friend had contrived to become acquainted with several eminent English poets, he had been, as he assured us, very successful in obtaining from them materials for his projected work, as will perhaps be seen in the following

pages. He told us that, amongst others, Lord Byron had very kindly given him two Tales ; with an injunction, however, not to publish them as his compositions. It appeared that Signor Volpi was one day expressing the great admiration which he felt for the early productions of his lordship, and had alluded to the 'GIAOUR' in particular, regretting that the noble author had latterly relinquished writing those impassioned tales which had first won for him his great literary reputation. He told us that, in reply, Lord Byron had exclaimed :—"What ! would you have me replunge into barbarism, after having become a civilized author ? I have had a letter from Murray this very day, asking me to write something in the old style : but the fellow," continued his lordship, 'shall not induce me to tickle the ears of the groundlings any more in that way.' He then told my friend that he had a juvenile production of his in that style, lying by him, which he thought might take well enough, though the story of it was

extravagant; but that he would not administer to the bad taste of the English Vandals, by allowing it to appear. After some entreaty, however, he was induced to give the manuscript to Signor Volpi, for his intended Annual, on obtaining a promise that it should not appear with the name of the real author. Subsequently he gave him also a comic tale, which he had caused to be published in England anonymously, like 'DON JUAN,' and which had been recognised as his by only one of the critical journals. This tale was entitled 'GIUSEPPINO,' and was reprinted, (I believe, as Lord Byron's,) at Philadelphia, in the year 1822. It now appears, with many additional stanzas by my late friend, under the title of 'GADDO.' The noble lord said that as it was not universally received as the twin-brother of 'BEPPO,' he had determined not to acknowledge it, supposing it to be very inferior to its precursor. These facts were, I confess, communicated to me, and to one more person, as a secret; and, if Lord Byron were

still living, they should remain undivulged. But I consider it to be my duty, under existing circumstances, to afford the public whatever information I possess with regard to the authorship of 'ARNALDO', and 'GADDO'. It should, at the same time, be remembered that I do not assert any thing, on this subject, positively : nor do I pretend myself to be able to form an opinion with regard to their authenticity. I have merely reported faithfully what I remember to have heard from the former possessor of the manuscripts from which the present volume has been printed. I will even say that I have sometimes felt doubts as to the truth of his statement ; for my late friend, though a man of strict veracity in all serious matters, was a very jocose personage, and as he had, evidently, an impression on his mind not quite favourable to my acuteness in guarding against what is called mystification, he may possibly have only amused himself in passing on me a harmless forgery.

The death of my friend was sudden : for,

having joined one of the late expeditions to the Peninsula, he was killed in action ; having first left his papers in my care, and constituting me sole heir of these, and of a few valuable pictures, which were his chief possession.

As to the 'TALE OF TROY,' and the two poems which follow it, I am at a loss to know by whom they have been written. In speaking of them, Signor Volpi said : "Ecco ancora tre bizzarrissime composizioni di quell' ammirabil burlatore il signor Tommaso Ood." This may have been some English name mispronounced : I have appended it, however, to the rhymes in question. Another poem, 'THE GRIEFLESS,' given with the letters J. D. attached to it, I have extracted from an old MS. purchased at an auction in Dublin some years ago ; the writing appears to be of the age of Charles the Second.

With regard to the other poems in this volume, the names of their authors, real or supposed, will be seen by a reference to the table

of contents : I will just mention, however, that many of them are the productions of writers nearly unknown. Of the poetry of Volpi I merely give a selection of his sonnets, English and Italian, which will be found to be written on the pure model of Petrarca.

Some time before his decease he completed translations of Dante and of Petrarca into our language, which he intended to have published under the assumed name of Edward Fox—that being the corresponding English of his own name. I have heard the former praised for its fidelity : accordingly I publish a portion of it ; and in the event of its favourable reception, the remainder shall appear with the commentary.

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A R N A L D O .

Part First.

ARNALDO.

Part First.

Ye only living, only wealthy,
True heirs of earth ; ye spirits healthy,
Untainted by the maladies
That rifelely rage through the world's deadly clime,
Upholding your glad sovereignties
In the pure heights of life sublime,
Unfallen amid the miseries of time,—
Ye young,—and ye whose souls are bright,
Still, with a treasured morning light,
Like to the fabled gem, retaining
A glory from the cloudless hours,
To be, when gloom is round you reigning,
A spell to mar its mortal powers,

For you, ye bosom-blest, ye chosen,
Who, even to your midwinter, keep
Your fountain-feelings still unfrozen,
Still in their welling freshness deep,—
For you alone I build the rhyme !
The unspoken joys, the unselfish woes,
The soul's best heritage of feeling true,
Is not an undiscovered world to you,
Nor life's fair Tempe an unflowery soil :
But for the aliens-born,—for those,
The poor, the senseless throng who toil
Crawling about the world's foul ways,
Sore wildered in its noisesome maze,—
The bloated starvelings who misdeem
That craft is wisdom, gain is bliss,
And, in the depth of their abyss,
Think they behold the very day—
Ah ! loathed and pitied, hence, away !
Back to your dull and barren dream !
Back to your bondage, hopeless thralls,
Not here your guardian-demon calls !
Not here are found the bitter waters
For which ye gasp through long self-slaughters ;
Still on the mocking mirage gaze
That, gleaming through your twilight days,

Seems a near flood of gladness new—
 While Death awaits his pilgrim crew.
 For you no wreath is woven of the flowers
 That, for the free, regarland the fair hours.

* * * * *

Land in whose clime existence beams
 As bright as thy own summer-heaven,
 As sparkling as thy Alpine streams;
 And to whose habitants are given
 The vital fire in all its light,
 Fancy that soars an eagle-flight,
 And passion quick and fatal as the levin;—
 Where joyance hath more radiant smiles,
 And Hope more traitorously beguiles;
 Where the strong workings of the soul
 Can bless or curse with most control!
 Thou Holy Land of Love! it may not be
 That of its legends I should tell, nor turn
 To the sweet clime that breathes o'er Petrarch's
 urn,
 The hallowed soil where true-love's chivalry
 Have poured their sighs as blood, and gained
 Pure after-names of faith unstained:
 Eden of realms, wert thou but free,—
 Garden of the Tree of Death!

Where Wrong is coiled, with serpent-breath ;
And hundred-handed Tyranny
Scatters its poison-fruit around,
Till but the Fallen alone are found.
From age to age thy annals show
All that can bid young spirits glow
With the most lofty zeal, and all
That can the flintiest heart appal,—
The grandest struggles of the free,
The holiest feats that time shall see,
And the most baleful triumphing
Of foul enslavers,—such as fling
Even now o'er all thy hearts the chain
 That hardens all it weighs upon ;
 That goads the haughtiest spirits on
To evil, gathering stain on stain ;
Drowning in passion's drunkenness
The sting of baffled hopes, that press
Back on the breast which gave them birth,
Like curses—turning all to dearth.

How often have thy dawns discovered
 The fresh and gory stains that show
Where late the imps of murder hovered,
 Watchful to deal the midnight blow ;

Where the assassin clutched his prey,
And for a meed could coldly slay !
Oft have thy nights been deeper darkened,
 When poison, mingled in thy feasts,
 Brought death to the unwary guests ;
 Oft in thy marble palaces
 Have rung the outcries of distress,
Where but rejoicing villains hearkened ;
Nor Justice had the hardihood
To stain her sword with princely blood,
To dash Guilt's bulwarks strongly down,
And o'er their wrecks upraise her throne.
There the revenger, patient long,
 Lurked in the track of him he hated,
 And, hoarding fiendish hopes, awaited
To pay back tenfold wrong for wrong ;
Following the slow and stealthy chase,
Unwearied, to the stabbing-place,
With hand prepared but once to pierce,
Wolfish in craft, and as the tiger fierce.
Of such an one I will unfold
 A tale of vengeance strange,
Wrought in the wilder years of old,
 And of Fortune's piteous change—

A record of the ancient day ;
One of ten thousand such that still
Survive within that realm, and fill
Young bosoms with a loved dismay.

Far upward from the peopled land,
Where mountains huge, on either hand,
Give broadest shelter from the sweep
Of mighty winds that, round each steep,
Scathe the great forests, and roll down
The rocks in many a crushing heap,—
In the most heavenward Alps, where none
But the camozza-hunters lone
Have ever made their brief abode,
Where even they have seldom trode,
In the high wilderness unknown,
There is a deep and narrow dell,
O'er which the sloping greenwood rears
The growth of many hundred years,
Where never axe was raised to fell
The pine and stubborn oak that spread
Their meeting branches overhead,
And there sweet love can dwell.
That leafy fastness, erst, had made
A safe and undiscovered shade,

Where-through the sunlight never gleams—

Save when, at summer eve, the beams

Have shed a level mellowed brightness

O'er all the many peaks, whose whiteness

In ruddier glow begins to fade.

Athwart the end of that small glade

Thick tangled shrubs have woven a screen,

That keeps the opening so unseen,

As none but the most searching ken

May mark the entrance of the glen ;

There too leaps down a glad cascade ;

Foaming fast in silvery gushes,

Down its rugged path it rushes

To the wood-grown vales below,

And o'er its course a lofty tree

Outspreads its foliaged canopy,

And weaves its boughs with those that grow

Above that dell so flourishingly.

Who enters in that shady ground

Must climb the ancient tree, to where

Those branches mingle high in air

Over the tumbling flood profound,

And thence, from other boughs may light

Upon the farther side unseen ;

Where, as for the witch-revels dight,
All round is trackless, still, and green.

Than that a safer lurking place
Ne'er shielded outlaw from the chase
Of watchful foes ;—and yet, ere now,
Those shades were ever undescried.
It was a lover first espied
That little vale, beneath the bough.
His hope is, there, unseen to dwell
Lord of that long untrodden spot,
In woodland fortress, sheltered well ;
And his would be a gladsome lot,
Might he but breathe henceforth unsought ;
Were his not monkish foes—the fell
Lawgivers who in mockery pray
For those their foul tribunals slay.
Yet little thought hath he of such ;
For there her cheek again is bright,
Her eyes rekindle all their light,
Whom late he freed from the dread doom
Of withering in a convent's gloom,
Where Heaven's free gifts are deemed too much ;
Amid the hopeless ones,—and those
Who never hoped, alike shut in

From all life's good, and half its woes ;
The listless beings who begin
To die, long years before their dust
Can cease to feel the deepening rust,
That gnawing to the bosom's core
Saves not from life till all but breath is o'er.

What recks Arnaldo of their ban
Whose holy hate would crush the man
That bids a bride, betrothed above,
Forsake her vow for earthly love ?
Was not Lorenza his, before
Her trusting youth was so betrayed
By wiles that lyingly persuade,
And crafty tales long pondered o'er ?
Her lover thus she mourned as dead,
While far in foreign fields he bled ;
Thus, too believing, wished to die
In Sorrow's drearest sanctuary :
But when that lover came she fled,
With him to share the hunter's shed—
Still true to one she could not wed.

Such was Alviano's guardian care—
That traitor to a brother's dust ;

Thus he fulfilled the dearest trust
That human-kind with Heaven can share ;
Thus could forget the tenderest ties
That win our kindred sympathies ;
And her he gave—that peerless one—
 To hide the beauty of her youth,
 Pent in the cell of grief uncouth,
Early to fade, unseen, unknown :
But he, her loved one, who would dare
 For her to meet all deaths, all pain
 That ruthless power could e'er ordain,
 Hath rescued her to life again.
Again to her the light is fair,
Yea, more than light ! She doth awake
To days more bright than e'er the sun could make.
Oh ! the great joys of earth and air
For that unfriended, homeless pair.
To him alone she lives—her home
 Is in his dwelling, and her Heaven
In the green waste where he doth roam,
 From all the haunts of mankind driven.
What, though the world's poor wealth be reft,
 Though fame—even fame he must forego,
Nought grieveth he while love is left ;

Love singly makes him wholly blest,
That only Heaven that mortals know.
She who is all his thought below,
Brightens to him that rugged nest,
Amid the oaken shades above,
And theirs is the full life of youth and love ;
Youth in its fairest hopes, and freshest hues ;
Passion so rapt that, in to-day it views
A bliss it deems the morrow cannot lose.
Strange that so glad a dream should e'er have birth,
In human hearts,—'mid mockeries of this Earth !

* * * * *

The joyous toil of the chase is o'er,
And that hunter wends to his hidden home.
On the highwood bent, he hears the roar
Of the water that speeds in its path of foam ;
And welcome to him is that lulling sound,
Though it never soothed his cradled-sleep,
Though his birth-place was not in that mountain
ground,
Nor his youth had sported, from steep to steep,
In that most dear and lonely wild,
Where he hath grown a desert-child.
Not half so winning to his eye
Could even the first-loved valley be,

Afar in fruitful Sicily,
Where his first years went smiling by,
As those rough scenes that passion's power
Hath charmed in its most witching hour.
Thereby, the far uplifted peaks,
The ancient snows, the rocky side
Of the rent mountain gaping wide,
Whence many a snaky torrent breaks,
The sloping woodlands dark and wide
Are ever strangely beautified.
His eyes have there an Eden found,
As he homeward crosses the tangled ground
Of the high solitudes, where no sound
Through all the girdling forest round
Tells him that yon wide plains below
Are still the realms of guilt and woe.
O'er those tall pines the latest beam
Glow with a more than golden gleam,
Waking in the beholder's breast
The rapture of most living rest,
And never pilgrim reached the shrine
He toiled through weary moons to gain,
With such a sense of joy divine,
So free an outbreak from all pain,

As fills Arnaldo, while he sees
That lustre through the opening trees,
While forth he issues from the shade
Which evening hath already made
Throughout the pine-woods thick and vast,
Where twilight brings its earliest gloom,
Where longest the night-shadows last,
And the full day can never come.
The warblers wild are met to sing,
Where, age by age, in hours like this
Their race hath uttered half its bliss.
From branch to branch their carols ring ;
From forest to forest those sweet throats
Prolong the ancient sylvan notes,
And tireless all their lays are blending,
As the glad strife should ne'er have ending.
Though there the nightingale dwelleth not,
More witching to Arnaldo seems
The music of that lonely spot,
Than aught that won his earlier dreams
In green Mazzara's olive groves,
That most the midnight-songstress loves.

Blithe as the bird of wildest flight,
When first it soars in cloudless light,

Is he, whose looks become more bright,
Whose heart with joy's excess is beating,
As now above the headlong stream
He views that hut, in the evening beam,
Whither his noon-tide thoughts were fleeting.
But where is the tone of the wonted lute,—
The voice, a thousand-fold more sweet,
That mingling made its sounds replete
With all of music, when to greet
That wanderer came the breath of love ?
Why is thy song of welcome mute,
Thou dweller with the turtle-dove ?
Lorenza, wilt thou not appear,
Thy lover's darkening sight to cheer ?—
Down from the bough Arnaldo now
Lights on the smooth green sward below ;
But his heart sinks like a weight of lead,
As he rushes into that silent shed ;
Madly glance his eyes around,
As he utters that name, and no answering sound
Heals the benumbing agony
That like an ice-blast harrows him
Heart-deep at once. What doth he see ?
A scroll,—but his straining sight grows dim,

Dim as the dying man's glazing eye,
When the thick film comes o'er it, and earth is
gone by.

Sharp horror darts through all his veins :
Down, as beneath unearthly chains,
Reeling he sinks upon the ground,
Without the might to groan.

Ah ! Death's release he hath not found,

But must outlive this woe ! Anon
To keenest life he shall arise ;—

But not before her pitying eyes
For whom he so much more than dies.

The last hour's dreadest wrench hath nought
With such a speechless torture fraught,
As that which now within him burns,
As to life's darkness he returns.

Slowly now his lids uncloze,—

Till Memory newly edged the pang
Which racked him late,—and up he sprang,
As one whom a death-stab wakes.

Hark in words his anguish breaks :—

“ Oh God ! are these no visioned woes—

“ No passing plague ?” There to his view

The words of that terrific scroll

Tell their full burden to his soul !

Oh ! what a voice hath silence too,
For those who seek the lost ! -
Away, with sword and hunter's spear,
More swiftly far than rage or fear
Could ever urge the feet of man,
Down the mountain sides he ran,
Nor their steep ruggedness could stay
The headlong hurry of his way.
As he those hated steps pursued,
Many a fearful brake he crossed :
All through the broad and mazy wood,
Where twice ten thousand pines have cast
Their ancient shadows, on he past,
Strong in the fever of his blood ;
And onward still he fleetly passes,
As one on whose discovered traces
The blood-hound follows breathlessly,
And foes rejoicing shout ;
So with despair's great strength ran he,
Upon his darkling route.

Yet with unslackened spring he speeds
O'er many a trackless rood, that leads
To the lower hills. With fearless bound
He crosses the torrent's perilous course ;

Oh ! for the warring lion's force,—
The eagle's wing,—the viewless speed
Of some unmatched Arabian steed,
To bear him on ! As yet, the ground
Already past he deems as nought :

But endless seem the leagues of soil
O'er which his limbs must onward toil ;
Yea, measureless, to his wild thought,
The rugged course he hath to go,
Ere the hoped vengeance may be wrought
In Val Maggia far below.

Down, through the winding dusky glens,
Where the herded prowlers of the dark
Are howling round their secret dens ;
O'er weedy chasms he scarce can mark,
And by the wood-girt mountain lakes,
His forward way Arnaldo takes.

But now with failing force he hies ;
And sight forsakes his straining eyes ;
And the breath in his heaving breast is pain,
Like that of one who strangled dies :

Yet would he onward strain ;
Till in the task outworn, at length,
With giddy brain and wasted strength,

Gasping he fell to earth, and lay
Corse-like beneath the starry ray.

That thought once more arouses him :

He starts up, and would fain pursue

His foes with gathered life anew—

Such life as still from frenzy grew ;

But his steps totter. Night is dim

O'er all the mighty hills on high ;

But, through the parted clouds, the sky

Is seen, with many a twinkling crowd

Of stars, beyond earth's paly shroud.

The moon-rise now makes welcome light,

Along the topmost peaks so white,

Where the snows of ages gleam

Awfully in the midnight beam ;

And the wan summits they invest,

Tinged with that mild and saddening glory,

Seem citadels of endless rest,

Lone bulwarks of Oblivion hoary

That breathes a silent mandate down

O'er all the regions of the wild ;

Hushing the farthest cavern's moan,

Lulling the forest, as a child

Bosomed and pillowed in downy calm,
That sinks to sleep, when kindred voices
Have ceased their lullaby to psalm,
And through a cradled dream rejoices.

What beholds Arnaldo here ?
The bandit's tower is frowning near,
The dreaded spoiler's rock-built seat.
Up climbs he with unresting feet,
And is already at the gate,
Nor there unknown : " Your chief I greet,
And claim the aid he promised late."

'Tis granted : " Bring the ready steed :—
" This fleet one be thy help at need ;
" Ourselves will follow when we may.
" Thine be the maid, and ours the prey."

To his seat Arnaldo sprung ;
And the wild thanks died upon his tongue
In thickening breath, as forth he sped
With mingling throbs of hope and dread,
Off through the slant defiles away,
And down the valleys drear,

Where the mists of night, all widely gray,
Are volumed o'er his doubtful way,

He spurred in blind career.

Boldly the unbridled steed
Swept on, and on, as if his speed
Were driven by the fiery goad
Of such a madness as then glowed
Within his bosom who bestrode
Upon him, as he foaming went :
The fever there is all unspent !—
Many a mile of brambly ground
Those hoofs have traversed, with furious bound,
Yet to Arnaldo their wildest pace
Seems but to lag in the goalless race.

Now to the lofty way they've sped ;
That narrow road, along the brow
Of the huge cliffs whose bases low
Are in the torrent's half-dried bed,
Many fathoms downward hid,
By scattered trees that grow amid
The rocky fragments deeply sunk.

Here first that rider and his horse

Must check the rashness of their course :

Yea, even they, in fear, have shrunk

From the edge of the great void, so near,
That yawns beneath, broad, black, and drear,
As newly opening to devour

The hardy ones who dare to tread
Above the beetling steeps of dread,
Where by some primal earthquake's power,
The granite hills in twain were rent,
And thick piled rocks to ruin went,

As if some Doomsday once had past.
Still the moon of midnight shone ;

And all the clouds that had o'ercast
The welkin's azure far were gone,
By the freshening breezes blown
To other climes ; all heaven was dight
In such a mild undazzling light,
Such tender glory, that men wonder
How any ill can dwell thereunder.

No tone upon the echoes broke,

But the panting of the courser,
That grew hurried, still, and hoarser,
And his iron tramp that woke
An answering clatter, loud as if
An hundred hoofs were on the cliff,—

While Fancy mocks that listener's ear
With every sound he longs to hear.

Half way the perilous road is past,
And hark !—the voice of men, at last,
Is heard, as round the crag they wind ;

A mounted company in view
Appears, not far ahead :—but who ?
That nearer voice is heard anew,
To tell him. On with fury blind
After his foes Arnaldo flew !

Yes, those are they, they whom the curse
Between his gnashing teeth half-muttered,
In the hot pain of rage unuttered,
Would scathe with firier dint, and worse
Than the fleet thunderstroke ; on whom
The avalanches he would shower,
Or sink them to Earth's central womb,
Had his fierce will the power.

Oh ! in this moment of most need,
Now fail him not, thou gallant steed !
One effort more of strength and speed,
And this will be a fatal hour.
Arnaldo nerved him for the deed ;

On with brandished blade he rushes.
Scarce could they turn before his hand
Had felled the hindmost of the band,
And forth that vassal's life-blood gushes.
Behold his slayer turning now,
Other hasty deaths to deal !
Now Alviano's sons shall feel
The swift sweep of his trusty steel.
One of them changes blow for blow
With that redoubted foe ;
'Tis done : he too is fallen low,
Under the trampling hoofs. Another
Closes with him, hilt to hilt,
Above his dying brother.
And but from either riven heart
Shall the inmost stream be spilt
Which those fell combatants may part.

Alike from many wounds they bleed ;
When full against his foeman's steed
Arnaldo dashed his own :
On the crumbling brink of the shelving rock,
Over the gaping gulf of stone,
That proud barb staggered from the shock,
But yet is held in check ;

His rearing strength is well repressed
Till the spear, aimed for his rider's breast,
Transfixed his sinewy neck.
Off headlong down, with a mad plunge, sprung
The horse, with him he bore,
And as they fell the jutting points
Of the bare crags tore their joints,
And many a bramble was wet with gore,
Ere on the rugged bottom flung
Their living throes were o'er.
Thus perished they, together shattered :
A brief cry in the hollows rung,
As their limbs were piecemeal scattered,
The massy flints among.
Their blood is mingling, and they rest :
The wolf-troop there will gather soon ;
Ere the vulture leaves her nest,
Ere the set of yonder moon.

They who beheld that fearful death,
Wonder-stricken, held their breath,
Scarce believing that their sight
Had witnessed aught so dread, aright.
Still down they gaze ;—beyond them, then,
A woman's shriek was heard—but not

For him who died on that dark spot ;
And, as that voice arose again,
Arnaldo's blade is o'er them lifted,
As with a shunless death-stroke gifted.
Afresh, with other blood 'tis wet ;
But now, with all his foes beset,
Under his fallen charger's weight
O'erthrown he struggles : 'tis in vain.
That sword-dint stuns him ; down again
He totters, with entangled feet.
Many red hands smote him then,
Till up his courser started,
And on his backward path he darted ;
Affrighted to the wild he flew,
Trailing that senseless body on,
With curbless rush ; and he is gone
Already far beyond the ken
Of those who would pursue.
They list ;—but the hoof-tramp fainter grows,
And its echoes pass away.
Where shall rest Arnaldo's clay ?
Still doth the spirit lingering stay
Within that shape in dead repose,

Or shall his eyes once more unclose
 To the loathed light of day ?

* * * * * *

* * * * *

The men who sheltered him, and bound
 The wounds of him they weltering found,
 Stretched amid brambles on the rock,
 Where fast the impatient ravens flock,—
 And, from the near gate of the grave,
 Have snatched him—scarce in time to save—
 That robber-crew shall also aid
 The vengeance that is but delayed ;
 They too, perchance may quickly free
 Lorenza from a grave more dread,
 From the doom that's uttered hiddenly,
 Where none may dare to plead,—
 Where none can witness, or appeal ;
 The secret death—but not from steel—
 And all the horrors that are known
 But to the doers and their victims lone.
 Nought will that troop fear priestly ire,
 Or threat of doom to endless fire ;
 For they have battled on the day
 When these were weak to scare away

The ranks that valiant Bourbon led,
With whom the conquering Orange bled ;
When even the hallowed city's spoil
Was guerdon of their graceless toil ;
Nor were the very altars safe,
Though much the freres could ban and chafe ;
And Santa Chiara's wealthy fane
Might tempt them to such deeds again.

* * * * *

All unbeheld, the outlaws staid
Beyond the aged elms whose shade
Is dark around the cloisters old,
And over the grassy burial-mould,
Where the dust that lived so long ago,
In each narrow nook, is shrunk to nought,
For the years of every age have brought
More wasting to the shapes below ;
And the wormy beds they filled of yore,
When first they lay within the clay,
Have been hollow many a day ;
Their coffins have mouldered with them away,
And given place to thousands more ;
From off their tombs the mosses hoar
Have blotted their names for evermore.

The crosses that were graven there,
The crests and 'scutcheons flourished fair
Have been defaced to flatness bare,
Or by rude hands long broke or cleft.
Nought to tell of them is left,
 Save a few words of the olden tongue,
 That despiteful Time hath spared thus long,
Till some brief years or days have reft
Those tokens of faint memory,—
And even clerks, with searching eye,
May find no mark whereby to guess
Whose was the tenantless sod they press,
 In Death's thick-sown and barren soil.
Thus from earth man's traces fly—
Thus well nigh all that live must doubly die,
 Oblivion's after-spoil !
Ah me ! how many a mourning train
Hath come unto this desert ground ;
What vital hope, what weary pain
Have here an equal slumber found !

To some, the quiet of these graves would preach
Better than earthly lore, and mutely teach
To the staid gaze more than the ear can learn :
But such a lesson is not for the stern.

'Tis all unmarked of those who wait,
While, at the stately abbey's gate,
Arnaldo, clad in palmer's weed,
 Seeks entrance, and is past within.
Now his Lorenza shall be freed,
 If guile or force as yet may win
Her freedom from those hated walls,
Which but to look on more appals
His soul, than all this earth can show
Through its unnumbered scenes of woe.

Not yet is ended the matin prayer.
 List to the awful melody
Of the organ notes that come on air
 So sweetly deep, so softly clear,
 Like echoings from the heavenly sphere,
 Ineffable :—and now, on high,
The nuns of Santa Chiara raise,
In thrilling tones, the song of praise,
And the Franciscan brothers join,
In fulness of the strain divine.
Hark ! what louder peal, so shrill,
 Is heard in the ringing aisles below ?
It came but once, and all is still,
 But the hearts of those who listen so ;

The rites have ceased ;—both frere and priest
Stood still and mute at Fear's behest,
And their eyes are backward bent,
As if that startling horn had sent
The one wide summons that shall break,
With its strong breath, the holds of Death,
And bid their captives for ever awake,
From the depths of all seas, from the graves of
all lands,
Outnumbering the ocean sands :
Such terror to that blast was lent ;
But they without full quickly knew
Its import, and more near they drew ;
To them it speaks, nor are they slow
Whither it bids them haste, to go.

* * * * *

A dark flush on each face was seen,
And every breast was heaving,
And furious was each bandit's mien,
When, that priestless altar leaving,
Forth, with hurried steps, they came,
Their hands and garments freshly dyed
With stains of a late living tide ;
And from their blades the red drops stream.

Some strode from out that porch, as though
By all the banded ghosts pursued
Of those their weapons had laid low—
Mute in their terrible mood ;—
Foam on their lips ; and, on their brows,
Such furrows as the heart-storm ploughs.
Some seemed in horrid mirth to be,
And smiled,—yea, smiled—in such a wise
As madness doth ; and in their eyes
A serpent-glitter, momentarily,
Was seen to come and vanish :
Their swarthy cheeks yet seemed to bear
The shadows of the charnel drear,
Nor could the orient radiance banish
From thence the hue of guilt, which told
All that weak words may not unfold.
Loudly they spake by fits ; and each
Was heedless of the other's speech,
As if all strove to drown the cries
Which yet seemed ringing in their ears—
Which could but *seem*, in truth, to rise,
For they were hushed ;—but Conscience bears
The power to lengthen echoes feared—
Sounds by the guilty, only, heard ;

Such as in dreams can reach the soul,
And call up haunting thoughts that wring
The sleeping heart, to which they bring
Renewed the scenes of murder foul.
The last who left that hoary aisle
Where are the foot-prints red, was one
Who seemed as if he were alone ;
His cheeks were faded coldly pale ;
Even from his lips the hue was flown ;—
And these were dumb. Horror had set
Her frozen seal on them ; as yet
He breathed not even a groan,
But like a shipwrecked helpless wretch,
Cast singly on a desert beach,
Whose fellows all have found their graves
Deep down within the unfathomed waves,
Shivering he tottered on.
His reeking hands he did outstretch,
And wished for blindness at the view
Of their so crimson hue,—
Till, gazing on the dagger stained,
Which still with a strong gripe he strained,
As if more blood were to be spilled,
He spake : “ O vengeance unfulfilled !

“ These many deaths are but thy first,
“ And cannot slake this fiery thirst.”
Then grew his eyes so full of life,
And with such ghastly menace rife,
That their sudden glances scared
The men of evil will, who dared
To dye their steel as deep as his,
And for a spoil whose richness is
But dross to that which led him hither.—
Ah, doth that flower in darkness wither ?

The sun is forth in shining might,
The wakeful world, the heaven's blue height,
The healthful air, are full of light.
From north to south, from east to west,
The morning brightness warmly dwells ;
The larks have left their lowly rest
Within the grassy dells,
And lightly rising through the breeze,
In thousands, with untiring wing,
High o'er the tops of mountain trees,
In the mid-air they sing.
Their sporting-place is through the skies
Where, with the dawn, their lays arise,

Gladly, as if this new-lit day
Should beam for ever to the song,
Nor yield its dazzling sheen ere long
To the hour of shadows grey.
It is a morn wherein the young
And gentle should be forth, among
The flowery vales and glades, to hear
And answer every warbler's cheer.
O, Earth, an Eden still thou art,
Ere the thick shadow of man's heart
Hath sunk upon thy loveliness,
And reft from thee the power to bless !
Arnaldo longed for dusky even
To veil from him the Earth and Heaven ;
Returning, with his troop, he hies
From that old abbey, where the grim
And red wreck of their fury lies,
Away to the mountains that hugely arise ;
But the vast Alps are unseen to him,
And phantoms have gathered before his eyes ;
Those phantoms only are not dim !—
He hath joyed to view those peaks of snow
In the summer radiance glow ;
But midnight hath entered his bosom now,

With such a gloom as can outbar
All light, nor flees the eastern star.

On shone the hours, but not a prayer
In Santa Chiara's roof was heard ;
The traveller craved entrance there,
To rest him from the noon-tide glare,
But no man to his call appeared ;
No hospitable board was spread,
Where the wayfarer might be cheered ;
The poor went from that gate unfed
Much marvelling what rites were sped,
That thus could make a silence, deep
As the calm shipless seas can keep,
When the storm hath done its worst,
And its wide-felt rage hath burst
O'er all who dared to hold their way
In the dread confines of its sway.
The evening shades came o'er the air,
But horrid stillness every where
Within around that ancient fane
Kept its unbroken reign.
That floor had many a wide red stain ;
Those tombs bore ghastlier shapes of death
Than all they hid in heaps beneath.

The feet that have so often trod
The burial-stones that flag that ground
Are o'er them still ; but not a sound
Of footsteps there is heard around,
Nor voice of wonted prayer to God.
The ravens are wheeling before the gate,
The kite and the crow with screams await,
As they snuffed the tainted air
Which bade them to a banquet there.
The wolves came down at even-tide,
And their hungry howl rang far and wide ;
While they scented the corpses aloof, in fear
To venture toward that banquet drear :
But in they came at midnight black,
For no one watched to scare them back ;
And before the break of day
They went sated all away.

* * * *

Dark were her silky tresses, seeming
Yet darker, down that fair neck streaming,
Or braided o'er that delicate brow
Whose whiteness had a living glow,
Like sunrise on the drifted snow ;—

And fairer seemed those lids, o'er eyes
More sapphirine than summer skies;
Wherein the awakening joy of life,
 The morning-freshness of a heart
Which never knew one thought of strife,
 Serenely beamed, and would impart
Its beauty to the gazer's mind,
Leaving a tinge of heaven behind,
A brightening of the mirror where
Had imaged been a form so fair.
Still they whose eyes had met her glance,
 So gently thrilling in its power,
Would inly bless the happy chance,
 And long for such a joy once more.
The old would sigh, remembering love
And youth, where she was seen to move:
And the soft accents of that tongue
Dwelt in the bosoms of the young,
With unforgotten charm, to be
An after-wealth to memory,
A hoarded music in the breast,
Whose deep-set echoes cannot rest.
That Grecian wonder-maker—he
 Whose strangely beautifying hand

Made Venus worshipped in his land
With fulness of idolatry,—
Ne'er moulded a snowy shape of heaven
To symmetry more sweetly grand,
A grace more heightened, than was seen
In that brightest creature's mien,
That matchless form—the fitting shrine
Of a spirit all divine.
Seemed that to her alone were given
Charms such as met awaking Adam's view,
In the first hour of love, when Eden grew
Likest to Heaven, and Beauty's first-born stood
Fresh from her Maker's hand, a marvel new !
Dazzling his eagle sight with angel glance ;
Quickening his soul with all that could enhance
The joys around, and give entire beatitude.

Such was thy mate, Arnaldo ! she
Who gave her first—last love to thee,
Who now is vanished from thy path :
Thou art alone for ever.
This living world is void, and hath
No healing for thee : never, never,
Shall rest be with thee more below.

The clinging plague that inly sways,
 The night that follows all such days,
 As were of late thy life, is deep
 Upon thee now, and hath no sleep ;
 For still in all thy dreams doth woe
 Her murky vigils keep.
 Yet one fell purpose, one alone,
 With a requickening fire doth give
 To thee the hardihood to live,
 And makes thee well nigh seem as one
 Who hath some hope to lead him on.

* * * * *
 * * * *

O Time the Scather ! Time the Slayer !
 Time the Dethroner of all might !
 Twin-vanquisher with Death ! Betrayer
 Of every hope, desire, delight
 That owns the shadow of thy night !
 How thy ever-growing sway
 Deepens the depths of all decay,
 Whose very ashes, day by day,
 Thou wearest to frailer dust away !
 All beauty feels thy earliest blight :
 'Tis thine to blot the bloomy red

That glows in the fresh cheek of youth ;
To mar the forehead fairly smooth,
And from the eyes whose glances shed
Life on the gazer's heart, to take
The beams of cloudless soul, and make
Their clear deep hue all dim and dead,
With the thick film too soon o'erspread.
The ringlets dark that thickly grew
Thou changest to white locks, and few.
'Tis thine all strength to overthrow,
As with a breath, in ruin low.
Thou bowest the warrior's haughty head,
With drooping eld ; his bearing proud
Thou humblest to a tottering tread,
And his high look dost overcloud.
Thus may the eye thy ravage trace,
In outward wrecks, while race on race
Thou hastest to their mouldering place :
But more, and worse, canst thou deface !
Thy secret workings far outgo
All that the eye can ever know.
Within the heart's close world alone
Are thy most withering wonders done,
Untrumpetted of Fame !

There Ruin's miracles are wrought,
Beyond the reach of other's thought,
While the false visage scarce will change
To tell the bosom's tiding strange,
 But seems well nigh the same.
The spirit waxeth strong to bear
 The gathering griefs of many a year,
That steel endurance, day by day,
Nor claim at once full misery's sway :
But the heart-blast of one black hour
Outruins their consuming power.
When the sudden life-shock rushes,—
 Redly as the smouldering tide
That from the fire-mount hotly gushes,
 Scorching the lands to ashes wide,—
'Tis then that raging memory fills
The soul with a mad sense of ills,
While the bright spectres of lost joy
Throng to the brain,—and wont destroy.
When, as the eagle that grandly soars,
Where the great flood-fall's thunder roars,
And in an instant down is borne,
With helpless wings and plumage torn,
By the strong tides of air that sweep
After the sinking waters deep,

And, plunged in foam, a long death feels,
Where many a strangling eddy wheels,—
When thus the soul is dashed below,
Then is the full of earthly woe,
Then only can the wretch feel all
The living horror of his fall,
This is that fieriest maddest Hell,
Which mortal tongue may never tell !

ARNALDO.

Part Second.

A R N A L D O .

Part Second.

Now is the hour 'tween eve and night ;
The din of day has died away ;
A restful joyance holds its sway
All upward to the boundless height,
While earth, in softest beauty clad,
Hath hushed its millions, and made glad
The toiler's heart with such repose
As the unsullied bosom knows.
The freshness of a quickening sleep
Abides throughout the stirless air—
The very breath of life seems there—
Pure as the fountains of the deep,
Sweet as the hopes fond youth can number,
Calm as an infant's calmest slumber,

Whose breathing has an ebb and flow

So soft—so breathless to the eye

That none may mark it come or go.

Forth shines the cold moon, steadfastly,

In the mild gloom of the summer-night sky,

And the hosted stars are brightly seen,

All lovely, as they have ever been

To us who still have breath and light

And the gone millions sunk in night,

The countless tribes,—the ancient races

Of whom the wide world shews no traces,

The living of long forgotten times,

The dwellers of all lands and climes,

The offspring of unnoted ages,

Whose name is not in Story's pages,

As though their place had never been.

All yon heavenly lights were seen

By those as we behold them now :

So when we too shall lie below,

Curtained with clay, unchanged will glow

The stars and moon, as if to show

How all the stayless things of earth

Are hasting, ever from their birth,

To utter loss and sure decay,

While Heaven abides the same for aye,

The beamy tenants of all space
Each in its lasting shining-place.
Yet many are they to whom yon light
Is but to guilt a lovely guide,
And only welcome to their sight
Because the all-forsaken night
The doers of dark deeds can hide ;
And, journeying by Locarno's side,
There is a band of men to whom
More fitting were the wintry gloom ;
Who, in this season of sweet rest,
Are speeding to a work unblest.
To yonder halls of joy they go,
The pitiless harbingers of woe.
It is not gold for which they toil,
But hatred claims a dearer spoil ;
And theirs, ere long, may be a prize
Shall oft bring tears into those eyes
That interchange such glances now
As tell the young heart's overflow.

Within Alviano's ancient halls,
The voice of music softly calls
To hearts that answer boundingly ;

And glancing to the festal ray
The vestures of the proud and gay—
 The knightly badges—honour's fee—
Sparkle, with everchanging gleam
Of gold and jewels rare, that beam
 Now half bedimmed, now dazzlingly,
Where'er the graceful wearers move,
Where'er the untired eye may rove.
The stateliest knight those lords among,
The noblest in that high-born throng,
Is Giulio, now the only one
 Of six all warlike brethren left :
 The others from the world are reft,
In manhood's noon of lustre, gone
From all that life's fresh outset hath.
Two fell before a lover's wrath ;
 Another perished in the wave ;
 Two more have found an unknown grave,
Where murderers beset their path :—
So all believe, but none can tell
Where or by whose strong hand they fell :
When last among the living seen,
 They journeyed, with a noble band
 Who sought their own Italian land,
But never reached their homes, I ween.

Not one of those escaped to show
Who laid his slaughtered fellows low.
Three years have thrice gone by since then,
Nor brought a tiding of their lot :
Unmarked is still their burial-spot,
And rarely from the lips of men
Their names or rueful fate are heard,
And the strange truth has ne'er appeared.
That heir of great Alviano's name
Is wedded to a beauteous dame,
And not, alone, their hands are joined ;
They were wedded, mind to mind,
More firmly than the Church can bind,
And hoped together, to this hour,
Even from their childhood. Hope hath power
Doubly to betray the few
Who have believed her as those two
Have done, and more than ever do.
Few love or wed like them I wis :
Oh their's should be a life of bliss !

All at the banquet-board seemed glad :
Whatever might be felt within,
All there, beneath a goodly mien,
Had power to keep their souls unseen,

Save one ;—and he was more than sad.
One only could not clothe his mind
In fair disguise before his kind :
The lord of that proud dome sate there
With sunken eye, and cheek of care.
His words were few, and oft would seem
As they were uttered in a dream,
So wandering were they and broken,
And with such listless accent spoken :
But not, because his brow did lower,
Wished he to mar the festal hour ;
That cold deportment came unbidden
From feelings that might not be hidden.
His soul had owned too deep a doom
To gather strength, and break the gloom
Which dwells on it, and still shall dwell,
A steadfast unreleasing spell.

Fain would he yet an aspect wear,
As others bright, and full of cheer,
But knows that inward struggle vain,
And can but crouch beneath his chain ;
For if he tries to smile, 'twill be
But as if he would mock their glee,
And then they gaze—yet fear to see.

His daily thoughts came back to blot
The semblance of what he was not,
And straight his visage darker fell,
As he had heard the burial knell
Of one remembered but too well.
Alway the rankling dart within
Seemed newly tipped with venom keen,
When looking round, on every face,
He saw a clear and lively grace,
All that could brighten such a scene,—
And, turning from the sight of mirth,
He bent his sullen looks to earth,
As if he would seek shelter there
From all that seems too wounding fair.

Those are unsleeping thoughts that trace
Their brand upon his forehead wan,
And, o'er his faded hueless face,
That inbred settled shadow throw
More than disease or time can do ;
Whence they who gaze may truly know
The spirit of that haughty man
Hath been well-known to guilt or woe.
His locks are hoary—not with eld ;
His brow is furrowed—not with years ;

'Twas baffled evil hope that quelled
His daring soul, and untold fears
Fulfilled in all their bitterness,
That thus enslaved him to distress.
To-night he sees that only son
Blest with a young and gentle spouse,
The daughter of a noble house,
But five as dear as he are gone :—
Their portraitures remain alone,
Though there unseen ; for on that wall
The sable curtains o'er them fall.
Hiding, from all but Memory's ken,
Their former semblance, such as when
Their presence last had graced that hall.
But Memory rends that veil away :
Many a too-living day
Hath that accuser inly spoken
Unto their sire,—and ever speaks :
But such a heart not soon is broken ;
Perchance a more consuming blast
Is yet to come, and gathers fast,
Even while a moment's rest he seeks,
Nor dreads a future blacker than the past.
The marriage feast was well nigh done,

Less gaily sped the revels on,
The dancers wearily renew
Their mazy sports, and, one by one,
To the tired crowd withdrew.
The eyes of many oft were bent
Upon their host, with gaze intent,
And, gazing, mirthless grew,
As if the secrets of his soul
Had claimed o'er them a dark control.
But one there was who sate apart,
Heedless of aught but him alone :
That one did seem to read the heart
Of him he looked upon,
And to know all that others guessed
Of deeds that ne'er will be confessed.
At length he rose, and drawing nigh
To where that lord was seated high,
He spoke—and with a voice so loud
And deep, as struck a thrill of fear
Through most that heard,—and that gay crowd
Is hushed at once to hear.
“ Ho! Count Alviano, hearken ; break
“ Thy joyless reverie : awake !
“ I bring thee tidings from the dead,
“ Hear me !”—With a start of dread,

That Lord turned quickly round to see
The man who spoke so daringly :
“ Bold babbler, thou’rt unknown to me,
“ Nor shalt thou dare, this roof beneath,
“ To give thy senseless raving breath :
“ Hence ! drag him forth !”—Stern was the smile
That stranger’s features wore the while ;
Then, looking round, he waved his hand,
And pointed to a gallery high :
“ There waits above a hardy band,
“ Whose oft-dyed blades are now upreared
“ O’er all your lives, till they have heard
“ The breath of mine that bids you die.
“ Their fellows hem you round :—beware !
“ Madness alone methinks could dare
“ Here to dispute my kingly sway,
“ For whom such liegemen thirst to slay.
“ Mark me, good lords ! should but one hand
“ Grasp dagger-hilt, or draw a brand
“ Even half way from the sheath—
“ Should but one voice a menace breathe—
“ The brainless doer of such deed
“ Shall find an undelaying meed,
“ And death full near at hand.”

As he spoke, they round them saw
The sudden gleam of iron clear,
On many a mail-clad breast,
And waving sword, and lifted spear,
In hands that knew no other law
Than yonder chief's behest.

Then was deep stillness in that hall :
Wonder and fear had mastered all ;
They stirred not. 'Twas as if a spell
Were in that stranger's glances fell,
To bind them where they were.
The boldest hearts more quickly beat
While his dark words and bitter threat
Still rung in every ear.

None could look from him ; he did seem
The spectre of a ghastly dream ;
None spoke ; all thoughts were wrapped in one ;
They saw, they heard but him alone.
Hark !—'tis he again that speaks,
And fade again the listener's cheeks,
While to each heart goes every word :
" It is unto this castle's lord
" That I have come—a guest unsought ;
" And with unwelcome tidings fraught.

“ Thou lookest on me as I were one

“ That to thy sight was strange :

“ Yes, I have past a racking change ;

“ My very former soul is gone.

“ This only have I power to know,

“ My youth was fully blest ;—but how

“ I marvel deeply : from the past

“ I gather but the thoughts that blast.

“ But gaze, Alviano, on this face.

“ Perchance, as yet, some haggard trace

“ Of what hath been to thee may show

“ One thou shouldst never cease to know.

“ Yes, I am he ! Whate’er I be

“ ’Tis thou hast made me ; and on thee

“ I roll back half the ruin now,

“ Which thou hast caused o’er me to burst.

“ I had been dust long years ago,

“ But quickening vengeance bore me on :

“ I clung to earth, and met the worst.

“ Upheld by that strong zeal alone,—

“ So strong it almost felt like hope,—

“ And gifted with a heart of stone,

“ Even with despair I dared to cope,

“ And conquered in that harrowing strife :—

“ For this hour have I suffered life.

“ Yes I am he from whom ye tore
“ The being I loved so wildly well.
“ Her to the merciless ye bore,—
“ The judges of the penance-cell.
“ Soon, aided by a hardy few,
“ I sought the hold of grief anew,
“ To free its gentle prisoner :
“ I found that form again ;—but where ?
“ Wrapt in the dark. A new made grave,
“ The stony bed of death they gave,
“ Held her, as if in slumber deep :
“ ’Twas but the semblance of a living sleep ;
“ Yet had the soul been lately there :—
“ Alive into that nook she went,
“ To be in breathing burial pent.

“ He who had led me to that grave
“ Stood by it then, and heard me rave,
“ And saw me dash myself to earth ;
“ Saw—with a look of scorn and mirth !
“ He was the saintliest elf of all
“ Who dwelt within that abbey wall
“ I grasped my dagger-hilt—to die ;
“ My arm was held ; I turned mine eye,

- “ And saw that monk stand by my side,
“ As, with a scoffing stare he cried :
“ ‘ Heaven yields not now its plighted bride !’
“ I shrunk away, and bade him go ;
“ He held me yet ; I shook him off,
“ But marked again that hellish scoff
“ Upon his face :—with one swift blow
“ My blade was in his heart,—and oh,
“ With what a heat this bosom glowed
“ As on his gasping throat I trode !
“ ’Twas the first murder I had done,
“ And followed soon by many a one.
“ Yes, this first deed of blood was wrought
“ Where dead Lorenza lay !
“ Again I looked not on her clay,
“ But hurried from that den away,
“ And these my followers sought.
“ From wild looks and half uttered words
“ They learned my wrongs, which when they
 knew,
“ My trusty villains drew their swords :—
“ That hallowed brotherhood we slew.
- “ Vainly I strove through many a day
“ To fling this haunted life away ;

“ But thus I could not win a grave ;
“ For even the boldest of the brave
“ Ne’er fought like him whose arm was strung
“ By the cold daring of despair.
“ The very men I breathed among
“ Deemed me some evil one who sprung
“ From penal depths to upper air—
“ A being chosen from below,
“ To wreak the wrath of man’s arch-foe.
“ We taught the bloated great to feel
“ The meed of guilt,—a scourge of steel :
“ Requital for the weak we wrought,
“ Most righteous judges, and unbought.
“ Ye deem us villains still :—away !
“ Ours was a harsh but wholesome sway.
“ The vassal’s wrongs upon their lords
“ We dealt back with unsparing swords,
“ Holding the tyrant’s heart in awe ;
“ And, by free hands, fair Justice saw
“ Her judgements wrought in spite of law.

“ Enough of this : it was our chance
“ A troop of cavaliers to meet,
“ Who journeyed from the land of France.
“ We quelled them ; and it was a sweet—

“ A fiery joy for me to know,
“ In two of those, Alviano’s sons :
“ In each I grasped a long-sought foe,
“ All that strong hate could crave, at once.
“ Yes, they who wrought thy devilish will
“ Were flung into my toils—to kill,
“ With lengthened deaths. They live : yea, still
“ They live and are beneath this roof.
“ Nay, start not : thou shalt see the proof
“ Before another hour is gone,
“ And then my errand shall be done.
“ Think ye that pity moved me then ?
“ All pitiless, I slew them not ;
“ But gave the ruthless back again
“ The least part of the wrongs I got.
“ I bound them, in a rayless den
“ To share the blackness of my lot,
“ To waste beneath a changeless chain,
“ And feel the mind’s slow burial-rot.
“ With them I dwelt, shut down from day.
“ They did not howl, or curse, or pray !
“ But with a sullen silence bore
“ Those ills till withered to the core
“ Of their hard hearts. I watched the sway,

“ The listless working of decay,
“ That weighed them downward evermore,—
“ Until revenge seemed scarcely sweet
“ To me : and but that it is meet
“ That right should hold a changeless course,
“ Even I, perchance, had known remorse.
“ But theirs hath been a rightful doom,
“ To lose their youth in bonds and gloom ;
“ And now their locks are turned to gray ;
“ At times they feebly groan and pray,—
“ With a dim sense of darkling dread,
“ As theirs who in mid-cavern tread
“ When every guiding light is fled.”

He ceased, and there was silence deep.
That wretched sire had bowed his head
Upon his breast full low ; to weep
Was not for him ; and down he gazes,
Nor from his brow his hand he raises,
As if he read with speechless awe,
Traced on the ground, some damning word ;
But then his fixed eyes nothing saw,—
He only heard.
His lips were mute as death ; no sigh
Bespoke the hid convulsion ; grief

Witheld from him a groan's relief:
Nay, even the nearest gazer's eye
Could scarce discern, with steadfast look,
How then at times he slightly shook.
Sighs, groans, or tears, methinks were weak
Of that which wrought within to speak,
The sickness of the bitter cup!

What hears he now? A smothered wail
Of mingling voices. He looks up;

Before him are two beings pale,
Whose souls seem feeble as their clay.
Poor haggard wretches, what are they?
"Ye hosts of Heaven, whom do I see!
"Yon grisly shadows—can it be
"That those were two proud sons of mine?
"Ha! did the sunlight ever shine
"Where ye were given the curse of birth,
"Or are ye of this upper earth?
"Speak, withered ones, oh speak to me!"
He strove to rise; it could not be;

Strong anguish held him down.
His quivering hands he wildly stretches,
Beseechingly, to those wan wretches—
That could not heed. With dazzled frown,

They stood amid the crowd alone,
And had forgot that voice's tone.

Of those who sate around that hall,
In chill amaze, there was another
Who felt the keenest grief of all :

He was Alviano's son,—the brother
Of yonder weak and long-lost creatures.
He wears the very form and features,—
The high and daring mien he wears
Which in the dawn of youth was theirs.
His eyes stare wild and steadfastly

Upon the yellow bloodless faces,
In whose shrunk lineaments he traces
All but his living brothers nigh.
Living ! their days are all gone by,
And the loathsome cloud of sunless day
Enwraps them, ne'er to pass away.

There stood they, on each side upborne
By those who led them from their den ;
For their own limbs were powerless then,
Benumbed in dungeon-damps, and worn
With iron which had girt them fast,
Till every hope had flitted past,
And they had pined, of all forlorn,

Till memory was a sickly blot,
And they became they knew not what.
So long unwont to view the light,
It seemed to scorch their shrinking sight.
With heads drooped lowly, did they pore
In search of shadows on the floor,
 To shun the glare of festal sheen.
Before a father and a brother
 Unwittingly they stood ;
Nay, scantly did they know each other,
 Save that each felt how both had been
Wrecked in oblivion's icy flood,—
 Swept from a clime of joyance bright,
 And flung upon the bourne of night,
 Long long unseeing and unseen.
Thus fate had dealt with them : but who
Hath lifted the curtain of sable hue ?
The pictured forms are given to view ;
And many there, with ruthless gaze,
 Looked on them, and on those who stood
 So changed—with such long durance bowed,—
Aliens from life's most living days.
And oh ! how ghost-like seemed to all
The portraitures upon that wall,



How fearful in their beauty then !

Yon fell Revenger speaks again :

“ Ye haughty lords, ye knights renowned,

“ Behold what justice here hath wrought,

“ Though her strong arm could never wound

“ With half the ills it ought.

“ Know ye these creatures ? They have been

“ Of manlier port and lordlier mien

“ Than any whom I now behold :

“ These in the brunt of strife I’ve seen

“ Beat down the fieriest of the bold ;

“ They were your fellows, too, of old,

“ Your joy-mates in this mansion here :

“ But look upon them now, and fear.

“ This was Ferrante ; it was he

“ Who tore that loveliest one from me :

“ Yes, ’twas that sinewless arm ye see

“ That felled me, when I madly strove

“ To save my wondrous wealth of love.

“ Yon Ulderico, too, was one

“ Who aided in that blacker deed

“ Than ever was by murderer done ;

“ And never henceforth shall he lead

“ Despair into the haunts of Love,

- “ Nor there uproot one bright flower more :
“ His guilt is done ; his doom is o’er ;—
“ But not the hell that I must prove.
“ Ye are Italians, and ye know
“ What vengeance is : though mine was slow
“ And sharp, it never could repay
“ Half the fell plagues of that dread day ;
“ Yet many such days have I borne
“ Till madness hath itself outworn.
“ There was on earth no judgement-seat
“ To which I might drag these, and call
“ For righteous doom ; that bitter all
“ That to the wronged seems wholly sweet !
“ But the evil angels to whom ’twas given
“ To smite them with the wrath of Heaven
“ Left the dear task to me :—’twas I
“ To whom they sued—but for a grave—
“ And got such mercy as they gave :
“ Too great for them the bliss to die !

“ Yon bridegroom, too, was with them when
“ They bore Lorenza to the den
“ Of murder, deaf to every cry.
“ He was in youth’s first sweetness then,

“ And should have had a gentler mind,
“ But that he sprung of ruthless kind,
“ And with Alviano's blood was curst :
“ This wrought, and made him love the worst.
“ With me to death he should have stood,
“ And spilled his brethren's dearest blood,
“ Ere he had seen that helpless maid
“ Dragged forth to perish without aid.
“ As in their guilt he then partook,
“ So all his coming hours shall be
“ Endured in that sepulchral nook,—
“ Yes, there the chain is hung for thee :
“ Even where thy brothers withered, thou
“ Shalt fill the place allotted now !

He ceased : and, looking searchingly
Upon the man to whom he spoke,
He saw how all his soul awoke :
The quick fire gleamed in his rolling eye,
When trumpet-like those words had broke
The brain-sick bondage of mute awe,
With which before he heard and saw.
No more with grief alone he listens ;
Up starts he wildly from his seat,
As wrath's own heart-bred lightnings heat

His veins that seem too swoln to beat.
In his raised hand a poniard glistens,
Clutched fast to do some bloody feat;
Wrath reddens o'er his cheek; his breast
Quickly heaved with hot unrest,
And hurriedly he spake: " Brave lords
" And knights, why wear ye worthless swords?
" How! is there here no valiant hand
" That dares with me to wield a brand?
" Will ye, unmoved, behold me torn
" Away to this most loathsome den,
" Never to bless the morn again;
" Oh, am I yet forlorn?"
Of those to whom he loudly called
A score of brave men quickly rose:
Each held a brandished blade.
With a defying outcry, those
Sprang forward undismayed;
The rest were then but more appalled,
Girt with a band of mightier foes
Whom yon dark leader swayed.

With unchanged hue, that chief stood there,
And steadfast look, as if he were

Unearthly, and had power to be
Deathless for ever; so stood he
Amid the threatening blades around,
As if he felt they could not wound;
Smiling in the fierce eyes of those
Who dared to call themselves his foes:
But in that smile was all unveiled

The horrid calmness of a heart,
At which the rashest darers quailed,
And shrunk unmanned apart.

Regarding all with glances cold,

Thus did he mock their power: "Behold,
" I flee not from your kindling rage!

" In sooth your noble hearts are bold;
" But pause, ere this brief war ye wage:

" One further step may downward lead

" To the deep slumber with the dead;

" And loth were I your groans should scare

" Yon bright assemblage of the fair.

" Back, fools!—should all that hear me, armed

" With tenfold lightnings, point them here,

" I turn not,—for my breast is charmed

" Even from the thought of fear.

" In very scorn, I turn away

" From swooping on so weak a prey.

" 'Tis mine to weed yon hated race
" Forth from the world ; nor shall their place
" In the wide ways of life be found
" Hereafter, and their name renowned
" Shall be forgotten with their dust ;
" Even as my unknown lineage must.
" For this hath fate long marked me out :
" The task is sweet, and shall be wrought ;
" Not fiends shall daunt me to forbear,
" Nor lack I hardy help-mates here."

Strongly stamped he on the ground :

At once the doors on either side,
As with a storm, flew open wide,
And, before that startling sound
Could jar upon the ear again,
Close at his back were banded men,
An unblest brotherhood,
Who now await, with eager will
And ready weapons, to fulfil
The welcome work of blood.

These at their leader's beck will slay,
With quick unsparing hand,
All who shall dare to bar their way,
Or his bad power withstand.

The cavaliers who had stood forth
To combat for that hapless one,
Alviano's newly-wedded son,
Now truly felt how little worth
Were they, unmailed, in number few,
To battle with that murderous crew ;
And sullenly their swords they sheathe,
Thinking the threats they dared not breathe.
While thus with brow of icy scorn
Arnaldo spoke : " Ye nobly-born,
" I love your manly hardihood,
" And will not crush you as I should.
" Live and grow wise : tempt me no more,
" Or your last of days is o'er !
" Thou, Giulio, strive not 'gainst thy doom ;
" For, like these dwindled creatures here,
" Shalt thou be housed within the gloom ;
" Unheard each groan, unseen each tear
" Thou sheddest vainly, till thy heart
" Is dull as theirs, and what thou art
" Shall be remembered least by thee ;
" Nor shall thy weak soul have the power,
" To hail with joy that one glad hour
" When death shall set thee free."

How felt he then, that fated being,
Knowing his dismal lot, and seeing
That only hope of aidance fail ?
A moment, sightless, speechless, pale,
He stood all-yielding to distress.
What light breaks on his wretchedness ?
What words of comfort, spoke aside,
Are softly uttered by his bride,
Of quick pursuit and rescue nigh ?
None know : but now may every eye
With wonder mark his altered bearing.
With steady step as little fearing,
Midway he met those men who bound
His limbs with iron links, that sound
Jarringly harsh,—while all around
Look far more hopelessly than him,
And tears, till then unshed, bedim
The eyes of many who had come
 To see him happy ; yet they kept
 Their pity half-concealed, and wept
Despite their fears ; while other some
 Checked deeper sorrow, as if it slept.
Oh, thus it is ! He must forego
The hoarded blisses that but now
Seemed in their sparkling overflow !

He turned ; but could not say farewell
To that young bride beloved so well,
Save by a speaking look that said
More than by any eye was read,
But her's which answered him again :
Then—then it was he felt his chain !

Straightway those brethren forth were led

From that old hall, whose marble floor
Gave a sad echo to their tread,

And to the clanking bonds they wore. •

Then, as they passed from out the door,
Ferrante, muttering lowly, said :

“ I've had such dreams as this before,

“ And saw, as 'twere, the shapes of men :

“ In darkness I must wake again.”

They're gone ; and nought is heard around,

But stifled wail and low-breathed groans,
That seem the parting knell to sound

Of lost Alviano's sons.

But the Revenger still is there.

Wildly now before him falls

That worse than childless sire, and calls
For mercy with a frenzied prayer :

“ If aught yet human dwells in thee,

“ Spare but this one : wreak all on me !”

“ Call up Lorenza from the grave,—

“ The living burial which ye gave.

“ Charm back to me that early Heaven

“ Whence thou and these have dashed me down,

“ And I will melt in ruth, and own

“ That yours were deeds to be forgiven.”

He turned him from that lord anew,

Nor seemed to mark how every word,

More wounding than a poisoned sword,

Had pierced him through and through :

But wrathful men, I trow, were they

Who, at his going, heard him say :

“ Ye ponder on pursuit in vain ;

“ Your fleetest steeds by us are ta'en,

“ To bear us toward our Alpine hold,

“ And those we wanted not are slain.

“ Good need have those of courage bold

“ Who seek us in our mountain-caves ;

“ Your vassals, too, like worthless slaves,

“ All sleep, subdued by well-drugged wine,

“ Given by some secret friends of mine ;

“ Talk not of strife to such dull knaves.

"Farewell." No more that haggard mien
And lowering visage there are seen.
But now doth that sad lady know
The undreaded fulness of her woe,
And, with a long faint gasping shriek,
That would her heart's whole misery speak,
She strove to follow him, but fell,

Struck down by the great grief of love.

Ah! were she never more to move!
Ah, were she with the dead, 'twere well!
But that deep calm will find a breaking,
And her's must be a piteous waking.

* * * * *

As one on whom disease hath preyed,
With a hot warfare, till the strength
Of buoyant being sinks at length,—
Till the faint glow of life, decayed
Near to extinction, yields beneath
All the still semblances of death—
O'er whom the grave is closed by those
Who deem the sufferer past all woes;—
As such a one from trance awakes—
Awakes below the coffin-lid,

For ever from all living hid,
In the deaf earth whose shallow flakes
Are strong as mountains to bar down
The stifled call and echoless groan ;
Thus awoke that youthful dame,
Till frenzy's calmer vision came,
And spread a flitting veil between
Her and the heart-wrecks that have been.

" Yesterday was my bridal-day.

" Where is the throng of goodly guests ?

" Have they not changed their costly vests

" For the mourner's dusk array ?

" Methought that suddenly the night

" Had blackened heaven above us all,

" And then the voices of delight

" Grew dumb as Death : within our hall

" Serpents had glided, and they wound

" Their scaly strangling folds around

" Some one most dear. No hand could move

" To save him. How I vainly strove

" To shriek aloud ! In pity, say,

" Why have the bridemaids left me thus ?

" Some hidden ill hath chanced to us,

- “ And scared the smilers far away.
“ Your lips are mute : I read dismay
“ In all your watchful glances. How !
“ They’ve stripped the garlands from our walls :
“ The very sun-beams shrink away
“ From these forsaken halls !
“ My wedded lover comes not now ;
“ But I will flee with him : and o’er
“ The great seas we will seek a shore
“ Where days are cloudless evermore ;
“ And guiding spirits will smooth the wave,
“ And charm the winds with lulling song,
“ And bid the whirlpool cease to rave,
“ As fast we glide along.
“ It is with joy I weep.
“ Marvel ye not that tears should come
“ While the angels smiling o’er me
“ Point to amaranth bowers before me ?
“ Ah, wing not away to your heavenly home !—
“ Our isle of refuge o’er the deep
“ Is hid from all the fiends that roam ;
“ There Eden-flowers for aye will bloom,
“ Nor ever drooped above a tomb,
“ There a murderer never trode,
“ To sully Love’s most sweet abode.

“ Not all the caves of the nether world,
“ The holds of darkness underground,
“ Shall hide him from me : I have found
 “ The power to weep and plead ;
“ Quickly shall he be unbound,
 “ Or I will wake the dead.
“ His heavy chains shall all be hurled
“ Back on the bloody hands. Oh, 'tis done !
“ Already they've slain the helpless one.
“ Yes, ye are all too late to save ;
“ But go mark out his grave ;
“ For there in starry hours will I
“ Sing Giulio's dirge alone,—and die.”

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A R N A L D O .

Part Third.

4. The fourth part of the document discusses the implications of the results and the potential applications of the findings. It also addresses the limitations of the study and suggests areas for future research.

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ARNALDO.

Part Third.

The lost one breathed in light again,
Outlived his prison-years and chain,
And more than chains or prison years
 Could e'er inflict ; 'mongst living men
That exile of the day appears,
But not, like them, with hopes or fears.
 He saw his home, nor wept even then :
'Twas all unpeopled ; in that gate
No loitering retainers wait,
No well-remembered voices bade
Him welcome thither ; none surveyed
His wasted form with sorrowing eye.
 Gone was the show of lordlier state—

The very fields looked desolate, —
Bleak as the rocky Araby.
The chesnut woods, the old oaks nigh,
Hād ta'en, it seemed, as dark a dye
As the cypress wears ; and o'er the streams
The noontide shed but feeble beams.
Slow entrance there did Giulio win,
And he stood once more within
His father's hall,—that ancient hall
In which the latest festival
Had been upon his bridal-night.

Well may he shudder at the view !
Back, back, thou vision of affright,
Beset him not anew !
There, since he had then last appeared,
No gorgeous banquet had been spread,
No song nor flowing wine-cup cheered
The knightly revellers : but the tread
Of the few inmates there was heard,
Who told of days too quickly fled,
And of the blighted and the dead,
In accent low ; and, as they spoke,
Sighs often on the story broke.
There still the blazoned banners hung,
The trophies his forefathers wrung

From hardy foes ; and there was seen

His pictured lineage ranged along,
Life-like, each one of lofty mien :

His semblance, too, was there among
The rest : but that was now unseen ;—
A sable curtain, like a pall,
Fell o'er the place upon that wall
Where, side by side, were glowing once
The portraits of Alviano's sons,

And his the goodliest of them all.
But then he scarcely marked those things ;
'Tis a remembered sight that springs
Up, and, where'er he turns his view,
Alone seems real : that place anew
To him was peopled from the past ;

The dead, and worse than dead, were there,
And she—so hapless and so fair—

Her fancied form was every where,
Bright as when he beheld her last.

And where now shall he seek his bride ?

'Tis wondrous,—but she hath not died !

She breathes in Castellara still,

And grieves not—never more shall grieve :

She hath forgot all earth, all ill,—

Nor woe can wound, nor joy deceive.

* * * * *

That crazed and widowed maiden dwells
In her sire's mansion, silently ;
Of all that hath been, or can be,
Unmindful ; yet a wild trace tells
That she was of the fairest once :
But hushed are the most piteous tones
Of her mild plaint, and nought can make
Her through that livelong silence break :
Long, long she hath been hopeless, fearless,
Thoughtless, wordless, smileless, tearless,
A wanderer in the pathless gloom,—
Lost in a labyrinth of dreams,—
For whom no beacon ever gleams ;
A shadow lingering from the tomb ;
And all her thoughts of earlier hours
Are blotted, like the orient flowers
That scarce outlive one shining day,
And then droop down to dust for aye.
Giulio beheld his bride again ;
She past him with an idle gaze,
With dumb lips that can never more
Breathe music into love's sweet lore ;
The eyes that shone for him alone,
And, meeting his, could utter well
What even a lover's lip can't tell,—

That bosom-thrill which can be known
But to the loved and loving one,
That in the eye is read and spoken,
And hath no other speech or token ;—
Those eyes are silent, nor retain
One kindling memory of lost days.
To them he is a stranger grown,
Like all the world. No dawning-rays
Broke the calm darkness of her brain.

* * * * *

Can years of watching prayer and fast,
Endured beneath the cloister's roof,
Have power to hold Remorse aloof,—
To raise a shield between us and the past ?
Are cowls and sackcloth garments proof
'Gainst rankling memories which the soul,
To mar all after-hours, must hoard,
Whose stab can shame the murderer's sword ?
Can abbey-walls a bulwork raise
Against the spectres of far days ?
Or be a lazar-house for those
Distempered with the leechless woes,—
The plague-spots of the bosom to make whole ?

Alviano hath but found them vain ;
The bane of pondering still is his,—
To know what hath been, and what is :
Oh, who can say this is not pain ?

It is the nightfall. Duly there
The monks are gathering, and await
The coming hour of vesper prayer,
Pacing the dusky aisles, elate
Some with the joy of worship ; more
Loathing the trammels of their state,
And striving to dream o'er and o'er
The worldly days they should not prize.
These pass the shrines with listless eyes,
And only grieve that winged youth
Could pass so fleetly. One in sooth
Had moodier musings, as apart
He sate him on a tomb, with two
The sharers of his thoughts, who knew
Half the great burden of his heart.
As thus he rested on that stone,
A man of joyless mien came there,
And thus bespoke him : “ Not unknown
“ Am I to thee, nor should the voice
“ Which bade thee never more rejoice

“ Be soon forgotten. Let not fear
“ Possess thee, for I come alone,
“ And bear no tiding which to hear
“ Should rend anew thy wounds. I come
“ To tell thee that thy sons are free :
“ Two rest, and dream not ; one by me
“ Was led unto his ancient home,
“ And hath but half of liberty.

“ To Ulderico 'twas that first
“ Death's lingering angel came at length,
“ Welcome as hope, whose icy strength
“ All gently, and unfelt did burst
“ His bonds for evermore. I made
“ His couch of clay, beneath the shade
“ Of a lonely tree. On that dead face
“ I looked, but pity had no place,
“ For even then 'twas sullen joy
“ To me that I could thus destroy.
“ Before another year was gone,
“ Ferrante likewise broke away :
“ 'Twas at the time of starlight dim
“ I oped his brother's grave for him,
“ And saw the fleshless bones that lay

“ There in lone burial. Then, methought,
“ Some wonder in my soul was wrought ;
“ A sudden and a speechless change,
“ A feeling beyond utterance strange
“ Made my heart throb, as if a load
“ Were shaken from it. *My* tears flowed
“ Over those dead ! yet much I strove
“ To think upon my murdered love,—
“ And from my breast that braid I drew—
 “ All that to me the spoilers left,—
“ My fainting purpose to renew ;
 “ But even that relic was bereft
“ Of the wild power it had before,
“ And was the wakening spell no more.
“ A levin gleam—a moment’s light,
“ Such as will glow on summer-night,
“ Shone as I gazed on it, and gave
“ To view a form which by that grave
“ Stood moveless. ’Twas the shape of her
“ Who wore that tress. Yea, she was there,
 “ A spectre ; yet, most beautiful ;—
“ Fairer than any living fair ;
 “ Brighter than any earth-clad soul !
“ Ah me, she fades ! no more I saw ;
“ But with an all-engrossing awe,

" I heard that voice in darkness yet,
" Whose sweetness through my bosom thrilled.
" Then my long madness was fulfilled;
" The fever-thirst of vengeance then
" Was quenched, and fled the phantom-train,
" No more I claim the sumless debt.
" That all for which I breathed before
" Is hateful now, and can no more
" Bring the past frenzy back on me:
" This cause hath set thy Giulio free.

" But this remains; that I should pay
" My blood for many murders done;
" A willing forfeit, sooth to say:
" What is the death that I should shun?
" My very cradle had a curse
" In store to scathe me. I had birth
" From one whom shame had bowed to earth;
" An orphan's lot was mine, and worse.
" A daughter of Savelli's line
" Was she—the mother to whose breast
" Her guilt-born offspring ne'er was prest;
" Betrayed by that false sire of mine,
" She called on death, who gave her rest.

“ His name to me was never known ;
“ I bore another’s ; that of one
“ Who fostered and made me his own.
“ My mother’s shame and mine to hide
 “ From me he sought : but it was vain ;
“ In the pure glow of youthful pride,
 “ I tasted first that only pain
 “ That from the soul-wound wrings the brain,
“ And knew that I had come on earth
 “ A thing for idiots to disdain.
“ That tale was taught me ; and thenceforth
“ Was cankered all my former worth :
“ My soul was goaded on to ill,
“ And loathed its ruin, even until
“ I saw—which was to love—that one
“ Who was the single star that shone
 “ Ere this long night,—oh swift to set !
“ But now my ending griefs are done :
 “ Soon shall the axe be redly met,
“ And headsman’s hand shall claim of me
“ Avengement late for thine and thee.”

Ere thence Arnaldo forth did wend,
Before his words had made an end,

Alviano, suddenly o'ercome,
Had sunk unmarked against that tomb,
 As senseless as its sleeper. Now
Yon tapers half dispel the gloom :
The wondering brothers o'er him bend,
If timely aidance they may lend :
 " Methinks the death damp chills this brow ;
 " No pulse in those shrunk veins doth flow."
Again they raise that sinking head,
And gaze on the glassy eyes : " He's dead !
 " The last breath from those lips is gone ;
 " He's now before the eternal throne."
In silence had his spirit fled ;
And sore though bloodless was the blow,
That could thus quickly lay him low.

* * * * *

The gloom of a starless moonless night
Is over the city's towers of height ;
But though the drowsy shades are deep,
Few of Milano's dwellers sleep :
Nor is silence now in every street ;
But oft the tramp of hasting feet,
That marble echoes far repeat,

And the dull hum of voices low
Is heard as the gathering townsfolk go,
 Swarming in many a scattered throng,
 From every side, to view, ere long,
A sight of wonder and of woe.
Thus kingly Death asserts his sway
O'er those who are to be his prey,
Winning the anxious gaze of all
Who shall before his footsteps fall,
 Like to the orient snake ;
And thus are human agonies
A vision for which human eyes
 The charmer Sleep forsake.

The stake is fixed in the market-place,
And the faggots are piled around its base,
But empty hangs as yet the chain
That shall hold the dying man in pain.
He who shall kindle the heap is there,
 In clothing dark and sable mask,
 Waiting to do his hateful task,
While round about the torches flare,
As the centinels pace to and fro
Silently, at their post, and slow.

'Tis the mid-watch—the appointed hour,
And hark ! from yon high belfry tower,
Now the dead-sounding peal rings out again.

Giving the deep farewell
To many thousand hearkening ears
Of him who hears his own death-knell,
But with nought of terror hears,
Though his will be the burning pain :
If gladness once could touch his soul,
'Twere in the tidings of that toll ;
'Twould be to know he shall not breathe
The morning air, and that the dawn
May not awake him from beneath,
When darkness is withdrawn.

Hear ye the hoof-tramp near, and see
The lance-heads with their bandrols streaming,
And plumes that nod, and harness gleaming,
Along the broad ranks, as the guard
Betake them, each one hastily,
To close array ; the pikemen lift
Their weapons, and with motion swift
The crowds recoil. The massy gate
Of the prison-house is now unbarred.
The eyes of all who there await

At once are thither wildly bent,—
All ears to its harsh grate intent ;
And, issuing from that archway grim,
 The torches cast a sudden light,
 O'er helms and corslets wanly bright,
And the gazing thousands that seek for him
Whose frame, within an hour, shall be
Shrunk into less than dust. 'Tis he !
There they behold the fated man,
 For whom this pageant stern is made,
 In that strange robe of death arrayed,
 The garb of mockery he must wear,
 Till the blaze strips him. Ah, how drear
Is that unruffled forehead wan !
The calmness which those features wear
Is not of peace, and cometh not
 From any living hope,
Such as can make the earth forgot
 When the grave's chill portals ope.

An instant still Arnaldo stood,
But saw not the countless multitude,
Nor heeded the low and groan-like hum
Which broke forth as they saw him come ;

Then went he to his fiery death
With bold step and unquickened breath.
Close by his side the friar walked,
And of the blest hereafter talked
To him who seemed as adder deaf;
Reckless of prayer or shrift was he ;
His own thoughts had the mastery,
Whate'er they were. With eyes of grief
Did his unheeded ghostly guide
Behold him hardened in the pride
Of stubborn unbelief ;
And sought to win him from below,
Ere the near sealing hour of woe ;
But the scorner hasted on,
Nor turned to either hand ; as one
Who wandered with open eyes in sleep,
From all without he seemed to be
Withdrawn in strangest reverie,
And musings calm and deep.



No further now hath he to go :
At his dying-place he stands,
And over him the death-doer's hands
Fasten the chain. Even then he stood
As if in some far solitude,

Unseen of any eye ; as though
He were not near such parting. Lo !
He hath lightly mounted the fuel-pile,
And 'tis a sight for tears the while,
To see him in that moment smile !
Then, as they bound him to the stake,
In accent low he silence brake :
“ That there is life beyond this death
“ I may not doubt ; for I have known,
“ In my few wondrous years of breath,
 “ A Heaven and Hell that have outgone
“ The zealot's visions, or the dread
“ That haunts the parricide's death-bed :
“ Nor any marvel thou canst dream
 “ Of that which shall be, seemeth strange
 “ To one who lived through such a change
 “ It matters not : whate'er I deem,
“ My creed is not as theirs who doom
“ The guiltless to a living tomb.”
Then answered him the monk : “ I thought
 “ To let thee die less crushed, nor add
 “ To this wild hour a pang more mad
“ Than flames can give : in vain I sought
“ To spare thee : but thou settest at nought

“ Our Faith's true hope. Hear then the worst
“ Which yet can make thee more accurst.
“ Know that the man who yesternight
“ Died as he heard thy words, was slain
“ By what they told him : yet that pain
“ Struck not with such a sudden blight,
“ Because of the loved sons he lost,
“ But that he then had found another.
“ And who was he, their unknown brother,
“ Darest thou guess, O hateful one,—
“ With kindred murder stained the most,—
“ Who was Alviano's new-found son ?”

“ Off, off, thou scaring fiend !—Not Hell
“ Hath aught so damning to reveal.
“ 'Tis but the tireless spirit of ill
“ That racks me with those bodings still.
“ Sleep, sleep shall catch me !”—In his throat
The groan was stifled, as he turned
To clutch the stake, and, writhing, spurned
The smoking heap with quivering foot.
As if a thunder-brand had smote
His heart to ashes, he sunk down,
Amid the climbing fires o'erthrown

That round and o'er him shoot.
The fire laid hold on him full soon,
But could not break his icy swoon.
That shape stirred not even once, but lay
To the hungry blaze a blackening prey ;
And now no pain is in that breast,
But something far more calm than rest.
All the late moment's agony,

By few dark words so keenly dealt,
Is gone—yea, gone for ever by.

And where is the mind that felt ?
In cinders light, Arnaldo's clay
Is strewn, by the rising gust, away ;
Nor one of those who saw him die
Preferred for him a prayer on high,
Nor called upon a holy name
For him they saw begirt with flame :
Had any mourned him, none could dare
To trust a sigh unto the air.

Thus died Lorenza's lover ;—

One who had lived too vitally in youth,
And who had been too blest, in sooth,
To be long blest :

But ah, how soon were over

The halcyon hours of love, when to that breast
The life of all its hopes was prest !
Thus, thus it is with those who taste
Of higher bliss than is the lot
Of many, and whose days are fraught
With feelings of such vividness
As the ungifted never guess ;
Whose being is no dream ; who live,
In hours, a life that years can never give
To others : so doth joyance haste
Early from them, and leaves their world a waste.

NOTES

TO

ARNALDO .

Note 1, page 8, line 12.

But the Camozza-hunters lone.

The chamois is called camozza in Italian, which language prevails in that region of the Alps where the scene of the foregoing poem is partly laid.

Note 2, page 19, line 11.

In Val Maggia far below.

The English reader should be informed that the name of this place is pronounced Val Madjea.

Note 3, page 23, line 1.

The ranks that Bourbon boldly led.

"In the year 1527 the Imperial Army under the Constable de Bourbon and the Prince of Orange took Rome by assault. It is impossible to describe, or even to imagine the misery and horror of that scene which followed. Whatever a city taken by storm can dread from military rage unrestrained by discipline; whatever excesses the ferocity of the Germans, the avarice of the Spaniards, or the licentiousness of the Italians could commit, these the wretched inhabitants were obliged to suffer.

Churches, palaces, and the houses of private persons were plundered without distinction. No age, or character, or sex, was exempt from injury. Cardinals, nobles, priests, matrons, virgins, were all the prey of soldiers, and at the mercy of men deaf to the voice of humanity."—*Robertson's History of Charles V. Book v. page 370.*

Note 4, line 23, page 39.

*That Grecian wonder-maker—he
Whose strangely beautifying hand
Made Venus worshipped in his land
With fulness of idolatry, &c.*

Praxiteles, the sculptor of the Cnidian Venus.

Note 5, page 43, line 20.

*When, as the eagle that grandly soars
Where the great flood-fall's thunder roars, &c.*

It would be a pity to curtail the following fine passage :—

“ Nous arrivâmes bientôt au bord de la cataracte, qui s'annonçait par d'affreux mugissemens. Elle est formée par la rivière Niagara, qui sort du lac Erié, et se jette dans le lac Ontario; sa hauteur perpendiculaire est de cent quarante-quatre pieds : depuis le lac Erié jusqu'au saut, le fleuve arrive toujours en déclinant par une pente rapide; et, au moment de la chute, c'est moins un fleuve qu'une mer, dont les torrens se pressent à la bouche béante d'un gouffre. La cataracte se divise en deux branches, et se courbe en fer à cheval. Entre les deux chutes, s'avance une île, creusée en dessous, qui pend, avec tous ses arbres, sur le chaos des ondes. La masse du fleuve, qui si précipite au midi s'arrondit en un vaste cylindre, puis se déroule en nappe de neige, et brille au soleil de toutes les couleurs : celle qui tombe au levant, descend dans une ombre effrayante; on dirait que c'est une colonne d'eau du déluge. Mille arcs-en-ciel se courbent et se croisent sur l'abîme. L'onde, frappant le roc ébranlé, rejait en tourbillons d'écume qui s'élèvent au-dessus des forêts, comme les fumées d'un vaste embrasement. Des pins, des noyers sauvages, des rochers taillés en forme de fantômes, décorent la scène. Des aigles, entraînés par le courant d'air, descendent en tournoyant au fond du

gouffre, et des carcajoux se suspendent par leurs longues queues au bout d'une branche abaissée, pour saisir dans l'abîme les cadavres brisés des élans et des ours.—CHATEAUBRIAND.

Note 6, page 47, lines 13 and 14.

Sweet as the hopes fond youth can number,

Calm as an infant's calmest slumber, &c.

These two lines, which were written in 1819, bear a strong resemblance to a couplet which is to be found in one of the songs lately published by an eminent melodist, viz.

Calm thy sleep as infant's slumber,

Bright as angel's thoughts thy dreams,

May each joy the happiest number, &c.

Note 7, page 59, lines 14 and 15.

Alive into that nook she went,

To be in breathing burial pent.

The ecclesiastical law, which assigned the punishment of living inhumation to those who broke their monastic vows, was I believe very seldom enforced, even during the murkiest ages of superstition. It is quite possible, however, that the barbarity which authorised Autos da Fè may have also caused more secret murders than have ever been guessed at. It is, at all events, enough for the purposes of fiction that such a law existed, and was sometimes carried into effect. Arnaldo certainly speaks in a very irreverent way of the monks; as much so, in fact, as if he was one of the rioters at Madrid or Barcelona, in our own times. Well, thank heaven, we have reached the year 1835! there is not a monk in Spain! When will beautiful Italy have as much to say? Bye and bye.

Note 8, page 75, line 13.

I've had such dreams as this before, &c.

It may appear unnatural that one in such a state of mental decay as Ferrante had sunk to, should utter even those words: but in the life of Dr. Beattie it is related that, after grief had overthrown his mind, he became silent for a long time, and at length enquired, one day, if still he had a son. It was the death of his son which had afflicted him so much as to produce insanity.

G A D D O .

An Occidental Story.

The author not remembering that he ought to
Select some pithy line to make us titter,
And introduce his Muse, by way of motto,
I have been looking out for one to fit her,
Which in a tattered play-book I've just got to,
(The title's out—so can't tell who's the writer;
But howsomever here it is, my boys :)
“ I sing of Africa, and golden joys.”—*Typographicus Typicus.*

G A D D O .

I.

I once had thoughts of entering the army,
To make my fame, like Irish tithes, of blood :
But now that kind of glory does not charm me,
As in my young enthusiastic mood,
When each gazette of battle-fields could warm me,
As if my heart had lava in its flood,—
Or brandy, which is pretty much the same :
But now-a-days who cares a rush for fame ?

VI.

Yet wonderful it is, I sing and say,
Most marvellous, what ever-varied changes
Of narrative are dealt out every day,
As Fancy, in her drunken frolics, ranges
Throughout Invention's heaven and hell ! Delay
Is dangerous, however wild and strange is
What I'm about to write, so I must write it—
For fear some other person should indite it.

VII.

I sate me down, good folk, to tell a story,
Of which, I own, the truth might be suspected,
Even by credulous people ; and, what's more, I
Freely confess, I cannot recollect it :
But yet it was a vision of such glory
I scarcely can suppose ye would reject it.
'Twas all about a Lady and a Knight,
Who said and did—what I've forgotten quite.

VIII.

In search of scenes and incidents I read
Near half the old romances through and through,
Which Southey has brought backward from the dead,
With most Galvanic labour ; and, anew,
With steel-clad wights in peril was I led,
Till weary of their toils and mine I grew :
So the chief knowledge gathered from my reading
Is what I'll mention as we are proceeding.

IX.

I found that many a literary chieftain
Had culled the gems from out this antique treasure ;
That what they left was-by each humbler thief ta'en,
To put in some new fiction at his leisure ;
I found—but guess!—no, you can't guess my grief ta'en,
At finding—oh, presumption beyond measure !—
That collar-makers—I can scarce get farther—
Had actually collared poor King Arthur.

X.

I next discovered, that the folk of quality
Had not, of yore, such numerous expedients
To kill Time and themselves, as the plurality
Of modern genteel people. The ingredients
With which they sweetened up the cold reality
Were tourneys and such savage kinds of pageants,
Wherein legs, arms, and necks oft got a fracture,
Although of the most giant manufacture.

XI.

Sad was the situation of the fair,
Long, while a Bolingbroke, or a Plantagenet
Was king in London, (a great lord elsewhere)
When one short week had stupor for an age in it,
To 'ladies gay,' who spent the livelong year
Remote from Town, and truly would imagine it
Extravagant to give, in their own halls,
During that livelong year, one dozen balls.

XII.

Then was the *ton* indeed a weighty matter,
Which Fancy moved but every hundred years
To a new pressure ! Then a lady, at her
First *coming out*, wore the same woman's gears
Which she wore on, (unless she grew much fatter)
Till she was going out ; when lo, appears
Her daughter, decked in the same antique millinery,
With much manslaughter and intent to kill in her eye.

XIII.

'Twas better with them, as historians tell us,
In bluff King Hal's reign, and some time before him ;
Though wives dared seldom flirt with civil fellows,
In presence of their husbands, just to bore 'em.
They feared to make the horrid creatures jealous,
And females were taught notions of decorum
Stiff as their stomacher's tight elongation,
Or neck-cloths of this stiff-necked generation.

XIV.

Where was their Almack's?—How the deuce did mothers
Get off their plaguy daughters in those days?
Were they allowed to fool with younger brothers,
While still unwed? Had their mammas no ways
Of finding out one's income,—or, what bothers
Much more, one's debts? Did every trifle raise
Ill-natured chatterings from Slander's rookery?
And were their albums all stuffed full of cookery?

XV.

The men of rank, in those times, when they wanted
To make a figure, struck with Glory's charms,
Scarce ever with their neighbours' wives gallanted,
Because they seldom were on visiting terms
With the said neighbours; but, like souls undaunted,
They sought but to be clasped in iron arms,
Till having killed some hundreds, and robbed more,
They grew much greater than they were before.

•

XVI.

Good rest to them!—If 'twere not for the rages,
The feudal jars and uproars, and spoliations,
In which they toiled for Honor's bubble wages,
What had become of all the modern nations?
But for those Malthuses of earlier ages,
We'd have such overflowing populations,
Mothers their supernumerary brats
Should drown, precisely as we drown young cats.

XVII.

And had those gentles, by unlucky chances,
Behaved with more good humour, as they ought,
Nor been so fond of handling swords and lances,
And other tools wherewith Death's work is wrought,
Where had been all our verse and prose romances,
Tragedies, tales of wonder, and what not?
For my part, I'm quite glad, that martial rivalry
Produced such ruffians in the days of chivalry.

XVIII.

Their love of glory, and their love of acres,
Have been to us great sources of diversion :
But had the folk called knights, like those called Quakers,
Shown to field-sports an obstinate aversion,
Our best bards should be less esteemed than bakers,
Far less than butchers ;—for their keen exertion
Could not extract one subject out of History,
The straight line of our prosing thoughts to twist awry.

XIX.

I recollect, my boyhood loved to pore
On ballad and romaunt, till I was grown
Such an admirer of the days of yore,
I hated every face I looked upon,
Because contemporary chins no more
Displayed such beards as earlier chins had on ;
Oh had it been my lot to visit Paris
Under King Edward's banner, or King Harry's !

XX.

Oh for the pomp of old chivalric war !

’Twould make an angel love the trade of slaughter,
To see the valiant knights, radiant afar
In mail and plate, ready to shed like water
Their blood to prove their dames beyond compare,—
Ready to die for every mother’s daughter ;
And what is stranger still, for Love’s sweet sake,
Performing vows—things merely made to break !

XXI.

But now I’ve changed my notions ; and, indeed,
Bless my good planets that I live in days
When he who likes may safely wear his head,
And carry it to concerts, or to plays,
To hear the Paton warble, or to read
How Shakespeare thought, and all that Nature says,
In mightiest eloquence of gesture, mien,
And voice, when fiction ’s wrought to truth by Kean.

XXII.

I like such pleasant places, too, as Vauxhall,
Where ears drink music, eyes drink brilliant sights,
And mouths drink liquids for which they from box call,
And all is jollity; while numerous lights
Shine so agreeably around the walks all,
It makes one think of the Arabian Nights,
Where Asiatic gentlemen have found
Almost as pretty places, underground.

XXIII.

I might enumerate some hundred thousand
Other improvements, of which we're possess.
A gentleman may have a country-house, and
A town-house both, besides some fairy nest,
Some pastoral cottage, to retire from crowds, and
Display, in *laying out*, his charming taste,
Without being laughed at or accused of magic—
The consequence of which was once quite tragic.

XXIV.

I like to find public and private folly
 Proclaimed in newspapers with vast celerity ;
I like critiques, where new books, grave or jolly,
 Are tattered by reviewers with severity ;
I like replies from the authors, in a volley,
 Attacking the reviewers with temerity ;
I like all kinds of talking and of writing,
Wherewith folks are delighted and delighting.

XXV.

I like to see accounts of public meetings,
 And all that's said at eloquent societies ;
How orators stood up, amidst loud greetings,
 And stoutly uttered several improprieties,
Railing at dignities, and other great things,
 Mocking authority, however high it is—
Fellows who have the impudence to storm,
And say our perfect system wants reform.

XXVI.

No doubt, this license, those outrageous speeches,
Must be quite foolish, as is humbly hinted.
People should pay their cash, as conscience teaches,
Nor wish to see our reverend clergy stinted.
There's not a prating blockhead but impeaches
Our very bishops, and gets libels printed
Upon the wisest lords the world e'er saw,
Who help the common sort to mend the law.

XXVII.

In the grim days of those old cut-throat sinners,
Our forefathers, such doings were unheard of.
They never trespassed against public dinners,
With a few observations, to be cheered off;
O blithe amusements of which we are winners !
Placemen, of old, would tear the patriot's beard off
Whose tongue should dare, from motive right or sinister,
To pour the least abuse on prince or minister.

XXVIII.

'Tis a sad want of gratitude and charity,
When we—the freest people—rise and say very
Hard things of those who risk their popularity,—
Perhaps their cash, to save us from Whig knavery.
Then look at their numerical disparity,
Two hundred 'gainst three nations ! 'Sblood, there's
bravery !
But yet I like to live at present, rather
Than long before my great great great grandfather.

XXIX.

Besides, if any curious person chuses
To take a peep at matters as they were,
Hundreds of years ago, when he peruses
Those books I mentioned, he's no longer here,
But in far centuries, till the leaves he closes,
And then he comes back to the present year :
Now thus alone would I such ages view,—
At intervals, for a just day or two.

XXX.

Then, as to Faith : if now a man would travel
To Pandemonium, where so many are gone,
He may go post ; no priest shall dare behave ill,
Or damn him with book, candle, bell, and jargon,
Because his sturdy wits cannot unravel
The creeds wherewith so many have so far gone.
The faithful now can never broil ungracious.
Dolts who wont understand St. Athanasius.

XXXI.

If, of the various orthodoxies going
None suits you,—why then you may go be damn'd
Your own way, as most people now are doing.
No man shall get the gate of Heaven slammed
In's face, for knowing better than the knowing ;
Nor down his throat have their tough dogmas crammed.
No Calvin now could slay with fire or ropery
The heretics who might reject *his* popery.

XXXII.

The "Virgin Queen" herself, fair Gloriane,
Had foibles in this way, and roasted several,
For being fallible in faith : much pain
She took to save her people's souls for ever all.
Of piety she might be justly vain,
Sprung from a race in faith and murder clever all,
The worthy sister of the good Queen Mary.
Thank Heaven, this stanza never will meet their eye !

XXXIII.

For all those reasons, may I be a saint if
I think one person, in his sober senses,
Should act against this age the part of plaintiff,
In praise of past imperfect times and tenses.
Nor do I heed what foolish poets paint, if
They claim our admiration of offences
Which formerly excited such unpleasantry
Amongst the mad nobility and peasantry.

XXXIV.

However, 'tis allowed, by every critic,
Those bloody-minded bloods, of the old school,
Were than existing bloods much more poetic,
As having more of villain than of fool ;
Whereas, 'tis palpable as hills Helvetic,
The latter go by a quite different rule ;
And so the stuff of my intended story
Related to the wickedness called glory.

XXXV.

It was in sooth a strange estravaganza,
Describing murders, mummeries, monks, and spectres ;
The Devil too, as good as ever man saw,
Appeared therein. With hearts as hot as Hector's,
Some knights were to have fought, thro' many a stanza,
Cutting each other up like mad dissectors :
I would have even brought in a " white lady,"
But Pegasus on such looks with a bad eye.

XXXVI.

That steed became, at length, extremely daunted,
By the wild spirits, who, I quickly found,
Had all the Gothic Muse's castles haunted,
And swarm'd, like giants, o'er her fairy ground ;
Else had I written what should have enchanted
Those who love feasting at the table round—
(I mean King Arthur's table, and not H——t's,
That meteor of our literary gas-lights !)

XXXVII.

I bit my nails and pens, and then besprent all
My paper o'er with ink, in thought opprest,
Next, I resolved to write an Oriental
Tale, and set out in ' Travels to the East,'
Driving away all notions Occidental.
I formed a plot, and laid the scene, at last,
Somewhere between Calcutta and Aleppo,
When who should drop in but my old friend Beppo.

XXXVIII.

Then,—as I opened wide the window-shutter,—
A light broke in on me, as bright as sudden.
Invention's wings began forthwith to flutter,
(They had been once a goose's) so, by Woden,
I sat down, to soar far from dust or gutter,
When said Venetian spoke: "Pray where's the good in
" Your knack at rhyming, if its versatility
" Can't afford matter for our risibility?

XXXIX.

" The Beppic has outdone the Epic style:
" (Most modern epics really are provoking
" To sleep;) and therefore, in a little while,
" The pack hight *servum pecus* shall have broken
" Into full cry: leave your heroic toil,
" And start before them, till you have your book in
" The gripe of printers' demons!"—on this hint,
I wrote,—and having written, came to print.

XL.

But how to make a story ?—there's the puzzle !

Foregad, we have such multitudes to tell us
Stories on stories, both of those that guzzle
At Helicon, and plain prosaic fellows,
That no one soon shall find a nook to nuzzle
In Fiction's storehouse. Fate will yet compel us
To be mere readers. O ye geese and ganders,
Your wings shall cease to soar where Fancy wanders !

XLI.

And here, I humbly hint to Doctor Brewster,
That if he'd make us a kaleidoscope
To strike new subjects out, at every new stir,
'Twould give poor authors a consoling hope ;
For though the Muses, when we call them, do stir,
They're monstrous indolent, and apt to mope.
The three times three, of late, are growing slatterns,
As I suppose, for want of good new patterns.

XLII.

I'll try to coax one of them now a little

For something queer, good people, to revive you.

Some tale of luckless love will not befit ill

Your present taste, and this which now I give you
Will, without question, suit you to a tittle,

If ye are young men and intend to wive you.

Hear then the history, both sad and funny,

Of one who fell too much in love—with money.

XLIII.

This is the love which first inflames the bosom,

When for a penny some dear infant screeches.

This is the love which constantly pursues 'em,

When fellows have got into coat and breeches,
And sigh for guineas,—then sigh for a new sum.

This lasting passion to all bosoms reaches,
Strengthened by age's weakness :—all love ~~is~~am is,
Compared with this same ' auri sacra fames.'

XLIV.

But hold : I feel myself too serious now,
And must betake me once more to my bantering,
Telling a tale, according to my vow,
In brisk *ottava rima*, freely sauntering
After sweet speculations, high and low ;
Or, if I may, in a fine frenzy cantering
On reinless Pegasus, athwart whose saddle
So many Gilpins have now got a-straddle.

XLV.

There was a gentleman who, in his youth,
Laid out a certain sum of time and money,
To gain a title ; and his wish, forsooth,
Was only to be called a *Macherone*.
He flourished prior to that age uncouth
When our great grandsires learned to go alony,
Nor deemed, poor babes, that you and I should be
Hanged high upon their genealogic tree.

XLVI.

And here, 'tis meet, in the first place, to tell ye
That this chivalric hero of my ditty
Took his first breath and nurture in Italia,
And for some years inhabited the city
Whose euphonous name, which I anon will spell ye,
When clad in English, would excite your pity ;
Our lowly language lames it to Leghorn ; oh !
What a barbarian nickname for Livorno.

XLVII.

He was a younger son : a serious crime
Which the just laws do punish most severely :
And for my part I marvel, many a time,
How any person can begin so early
In guilt, as to be born, with neither rhyme
Nor reason, at unlawful hours that clearly
Prove him so much less worthy than his brother :
Oh, why the devil can't sons come all together ?

XLVIII.

His eldest brother was surnamed "the Jew ;"

One of those poorest paupers who could never
Be rich, with all Potosi and Peru ;—

Fundlords for whom the Devil is receiver,—
To leave them bankrupt ;—the gold-thirsty crew
Who, in their selfishness besotted ever,
Hoard for their heirs ; the wageless slaves of Mammon
Who deem all conscience fudge, all justice gammon ;—

XLIX.

Who sign their bargain with the Fiend, in blood—

But not their own ; and o'er their victims spatter
The whiteness of their slander, (that sole good

They willingly bestow ;) and then will chatter
About the "Lord" perchance !—(now I've a shrewd

Guess as to who *he* is : well, well, no matter
About the gemman's name to ears polite :
But he will have his due ; and so all's right.)

L.

This "Ebrew Jew," of course, left very little
Of all his sire possessed, in goods and chattels,
For Gaddo;—so 'egad the latter writ ill
Verses upon him, and, as rumour prattles,
Carved him up nicely for Derision's victual.
Alas, that rhymers e'er should wage such battles,
Nor let themselves be robbed in peace and quiet,
Nor spare the prudent folk that on them diet.

LI.

He was a sad dog—that is, a gay fellow
Who spent his own or other people's money,
In quite a liberal way; and, when he fell low
In cash, would seek in others' hives the honey.
At last he sunk into that "sere and yellow
Leaf," that is oft turned over by the funny,
Which causes their dear friends to look so cool,
And makes their true loves try some other fool!

LII.

And so he found his small finances growing
‘ Fine by degrees, and beautifully less,’
But forced to school himself amongst the knowing,
He learned a thing or two, and held distress
At bay, till Fortune’s adverse current flowing
Swamped him. On, on, the dreadful bill-men press !
Their charge he stood not—but, when fully undone,
Set sail upon no business to London.

LIII.

Whither he brought his pictures—most undoubted
Works of the greatest masters ; among these he
Had some, (but I wont take my oath about it,)
Of Parmegiano, the two Veronesi,
And others. He discoursed on Art, and quoted
Vasari and Baldinucci, like some we see :
For this collection he got coin in plenty,
And got some laughter at the *Conoscenti*.

LIV.

A week had scarcely past, ere he had taken
Magnificent apartments in a hôtel ;—
Became once more a fashionable rake in
As short a time ;—tried once to drink a bottle
Of sloe-juice yclept port ;—and, having shaken
The dice with good effect, and likewise got ill
Luck at cards sometimes—often won a little,—
Behold it was found out he had a title ;

LV.

And was, in fact, a Count ; though, for some reason
Of whim, or modesty, or both, or neither,
He kept his rank unknown, as if 'twere treason,
Nor seemed to value such affairs a feather,
Till what he deemed to be the proper season,
When Fortune's night became sunshiny weather,
Wherein he made his hay with such dexterity,
That several spoke of him with huge severity.

LVI.

They said, and sung, and swore his legs were sable,
Which, in their dialect, had some veracity.
They also thought, for some them were able
To think, with most amazing pertinacity,
That he was fiendish at the Faro table,
And that his neck should not have muslin as a tie.
But those remarks were not expressed as wittily
As some which had been made on him in Italy.

LVII.

Then shone the count in unexpected splendor,
Like days that I've remarked, in our wet summers,
When sullen Morning scarcely would surrender
Her cloudy mantle, and her ill-bred glum airs,
To a full-beaming Noon, that sighed so tender
'Twould almost melt the lead-works at a plumber's—
So brightened up the days of this our traveller,
Of whose resources I'll be no unraveller.

LVIII.

But he, so favoured, was a wretch ungrateful :

Oft was he heard, in broken English, swearing
Against all play, and damning that most hateful

Goddess of chance, as if she had been tearing
All his wealth from him, by her wiles deceitful ;

Yet, while he said his luck was past all bearing,
Most strange to tell, his life grew more expensive,
And his genteel acquaintance was extensive.

LIX.

That is, he knew some Dukes whose valiant graces

Had won most golden preys in many a field,
At Newmarket, and such like glorious places ;

Marquises,—Earls, who made their foemen yield,
Where bones, not flesh, can conquer : and some braces

Of other folks, the motto to whose shield
Was “ Seven’s the main !”—gentry whom, to be plain,
I’d send for seven good years across the Main.

LX.

Now you expect to hear of his gallanting,
With alderwomen, actresses, countesses,
And other *elegantes*, who looked enchanting,
Some undisguised, and others in fine dresses.
He had arrangements, doubtless, with some flaunting
Fair ones—whose names if tongue of mine confesses,
May it be persecuted for a libel,
And fare among the lawless legal tribe ill.

LXI.

Those female friends of his shall all be nameless :
Because, in truth, I have not yet invented
Even initials so completely fameless
As that all chance of strife shall be prevented,
With those who might pretend, that in my blameless
Tale some allusions ought to be resented,
And thence attempt, on an uncertain season,
To make a riddle of my seat of reason.

LXII.

Thus far, in slippery verses, have I blundered,
With capability to rhyme and write on
Through fifty stanzas more. I've often wondered
At poems, till I sate down to endite one :
But see, I've dealt out upwards of four hundred
Passable lines !—However, I've no right on
Earth to defer, with various speculation,
Giving another glimpse of my narration.

LXIII.

At length with London tired, and all its misery,
Our Signor paid the town of Bath a visit,
(Some persons there repaid him,) while, with wiser eye,
He looked about him : but, alas, where is it
That Cupid can't intrude his magic vizor, eh ?
When did he fire at any mark and miss it?—
Oh, sooner than I'd face that fellow's fire,
I'd even dare O'G——n M——n's ire.

LXIV.

Ugh, I must think no more of this !—Where was I ?
Saying that folk at Bath were sometimes amorous,
By Cupid or cupidity made crazy ;
(Especially if creditors grew clamorous ;)
And, therefore, Hymen there is no whit lazy,
And, like a little Cyclops, Love doth hammer us ;
But, when his flames consume Eve's sons and daughters,
How can they ever quench them with the waters ?

LXV.

So felt the only daughter of a widow,
Who, having lately come to quaff those famous
Waters, as by some doctor she was bid do,
Abode, as chance directed, in the same house
That Gaddo, on his first arrival, hied to,
Because 'twas situated near a game-house.
This widow was not beautiful nor healthy,
But every one declared that she was wealthy.

LXVI.

The daughter was in person more engaging.

Her eyes, indeed, had not the softest lustre,
But a bold sparkle, which appeared as waging
Battle to all men's eyes that might accost her ;
And, when the warfare of stout looks was raging,
Not even the steadiest starrer could disgust her,
But when she chose, and she would choose, to eye you,
Her ocular words were mostly, ' I defy you!'

LXVII.

Such was the natural language of her glances ;
Nevertheless, she had the needful art
To know that meek expression but enhances
The power of brightest eyes against a heart ;
She showed great tactics, then, in her advances,
Was sentimental, flirtish, grave, or smart,
According to the temper of the squire
To mar whose singleness she might aspire.

LXVIII.

Her figure was in no degree too slender,
Yet, though quite energetic, not unpleasing ;
It seemed more fit for one of masculine gender ;
Therefore you'll all suppose that I am quizzing,
When I assure you that her health was tender.
She sometimes had a cough so very teasing
That, when her mother and she coughed together,
The hearers used to say their lungs were leather.

LXIX.

But though her person was not very slight,
'Twas merely plump, not Flemishly attractive ;
Her gait was of the dancing kind, as light
As if 'twere learned in France from the most active ;
Her eyes were clearly black, and darkly bright,
Seeming to know their twinkle was effective ;
Her face was much more comical than tragic,
And would induce one to believe in magic.

LXX.

Poor lady ! 'twas surprising she should be
So sick at one time, and so well another ;
Should, in a morning, look quite full of glee,
And bark, at eve, as if about to smother.
Her age was but approaching twenty-three
(Some doubted this account,) and though her mother
Had several thousand pounds in store to give her,
She had bad symptoms both of lungs and liver.

LXXI.

This circumstance attracted the attention
Of our outlandish man of rank and fashion,
Who, on the strength of title and pretension,
Resolved, at once, to entertain a passion
For his fair neighbour ; and 'twas his intention
To be possessed of the aforesaid cash, on
Her dying soon, as every one expected ;
Nor was his humble servanthship rejected.

LXXII.

Well pleased he heard her cough increasing daily,
But undelighted saw her cheek's good colour :
One time, indeed, she looked a little palely,
And her wild eyes became a somewhat duller,
Which made her swain feel in proportion gaily,
So that his protestations grew much fuller,
And he attacked her, with the usual battery
Of fair looks, false oaths, fooleries, and flattery.

LXXIII.

He owned that his estates had been embarrassed,
Though matters now were nearly set aright :
That creditors, (he damned them all,) had harrassed
Him much : but all his prospects now were bright,
As an old uncle, who was living far east,
(A bishop,) should before long bid good night
To his large purse ; nor had he any person
But his dear nephew to bestow that curse on.

LXXIV.

He popped the question, and was answered 'Yes.'

The day arrived, as soon as it was able,
On which this spinster vowed his hopes to bless,
So Hymen tied them tightly with his cable :
Some smart *soubrette*, of course, as you may guess,
Forwarded this *denouement* of the fable,
Nor hinted that the damsel had a lover,
Until the dire catastrophe was over.

LXXV.

At least 'tis certain that, if she did tell,
No one pretended to be much the wiser ;
But, I suppose, she kept the secret well,
For she was bribed, unless report belies her ;
Nor could she hope, by blabbing, to compel
Her mistress, (an incorrigible miser,)
To thank her : yet, she had a wish, no doubt,
To let her knowledge, even for nothing, out.

LXXVI.

Blessings upon those ministers of Love,
Who kindly waft a thought from poll to poll—
A sigh from street to street!—if you but prove
Free of your cash. Ah, how the youthful soul
Hangs on their words—nay, on their lips, by Jove,
If pretty! This one was a maiden droll,
A straight-made, nice-made, plump-made, stout-made
house-maid,
Whose footing on the stair seemed by a mouse made.

LXXVII.

On the said morn she went, with face as long
As a round dimpled visage would allow her,
To bring the earliest tidings of the wrong
To her commandress, ere she'd left her bower;
With well-dissembled fright, and faltering tongue,
She made the strange communication to her:
Imagine then, how great was her surprise,
When it scarce made the matron ope her eyes!

LXXVIII.

She heeded not the damsel's whine and flutter,
Who then appeared nearly as pale, I'm certain,
As he who, Shakspeare says, was slow to stutter
Bad news, one night, on drawing Priam's curtain.
The elder female was but heard to mutter
About another nap ; and seemed, in short, in
No kind of grief, as if she had been guessing,
Like Priam, the intelligence distressing.

LXXIX.

Then did the lass become intensely curious
To know the reason of such wondrous quietude,
In one whom trifles often had made furious ;
She spoke as loudly as one in a riot would,
Till her exertions seemed to be injurious,
Which vexed the dame, (and I don't wonder why
it should)
Who rose and dashed some water at her visage,
And kicked her—which will make some laugh in this age.

LXXX.

Meantime the happy pair were swiftly speeding,
Though not indeed upon the wings of love,
Nor faster than the vehicle was proceeding,
In whose enclosure all unseen they drove.
The Count looked often back : but quite unheeding
The bride seemed of pursuit ; while wicked Jove
Laughed hugely at the false vows of each lover,
As fast they fled along the road to Dover.

LXXXI.

Where, when arrived, they did not long delay,
But stepped into the vessel that was bound
To take some curious people to Calais,
(A town just opposite, on Gallic ground.)
And here I have a word or two to say,
And three or four plain questions to propound,
Which though my tale is not concerned a whit in,
They'll add some stanzas more to what is written.

LXXXII.

Say, reader, have you ever had the pleasure
To feel affected by the travelling mania ?
To leave behind the beef and mutton treasure,
And other solid blessings of Britannia ?
And is it not delightful beyond measure,
To find yourself in France, away from many a
Homefelt annoyance, such as freedom's sons
Feel oft from freedom's enemies, the duns ?

LXXXIII.

Is it not charming, there, to stare around you
Where all is novelty, like our fine weather ?
To hear the French talk French, while they surround you,
And wonder how they understand each other ?
To hearken, and find all attempts confound you
At guessing what they mean by all their pother ?
To answer them in anti-Gallic gabble,
Such as no bricklayer could speak at Babel ?

LXXXIV.

To drive to Paris is a pleasant thing,
If you're not borne by some uneasy motion,
To see the populace salute the king,
And weep, and shew some signs of great emotion,
Just as they did, before Miss Chance could bring
Napoleon back from Elba, to encroach on
The royal rights, and claim their gratulation,
On his first droll attempt at abdication.

LXXXV.

To ramble, or to rumble through the city,
And learn what several scores of factions say;
To meet some members of the big banditti
Whose spoil was empire, and against whose sway
Kings formed themselves into a grand committee,
Or they had stolen kingdoms, to this day,
And millions had been cursing Buonaparte,
Nor dare Sir Hudson keep on him a smart eye.

LXXXVI.

Next to betake you *à la comédie*,
Where some new tragedy has ta'en its station,
Which *tout le monde* (that's half the town) must see,
An earnest eager listening congregation,
Such as no sermon could attract, pardie !
Said play of course shall rouse a great sensation,
From some severe political allusion
That draws forth claps and hisses and confusion.

LXXXVII.

There may you see all orders of the French
Look, till the fray take place, as grave as judges
Who, not without a cause, sit on the bench,
To try and hear. No, not a person budes,
From *la Duchesse* down to the orange-wench ;
(If you should doubt me, you may ask the Fudges ;)
But all there gaze and hearken, the whole time,
While the poor players must converse in rhyme.

LXXXVIII.

There Anger's never in too great a passion,
For, if he were, it would destroy the measure
Of the heroic versés, which must dash on
In regular bound, only affording leisure
For emphasis to grace the declamation,
Just four times in each line ; so now to ease your
Doubts with regard to this smart observation,
Next stanza proves its truth to demonstration.

LXXXIX.

In this measure, the lover must whine all his woes ;
In this measure, the heroine saddens at each ;
In this measure, the hero abuses his foes ;
In this measure, when dying delivers his speech ;
In this measure—oh murder, how headlong it goes !
It requires most distressing exertion to reach
The decimo-syllabic lines anew :
And see, poor Pegasus has lost a shoe.

XC.

Go to the Opera, (if you must go,) also ;
But, if you can, don't listen to the music ;
For there poor harmony has learned to bawl so
It would make me sick, and it might make you sick :
Besides the figurantes there are all so
Charming, the sight of them would make a Jew sick.
Such strange effect music and dance can take,—
One causes heads, the other hearts to ache !

XCI.

Then there are other theatres, with players
Not less theatric, tragic, or ridiculous ;
Such as the factories for making prayers,
Seeing, and being seen ; and the periculous
Law-courts, with scores of mystical man-slayers,
And new 'Affairs of Fualdès' whose fasciculus
Of judges, lawyers, witnesses, and culprits
Shall act as well as Kean does before full pits.

XCII.

There every thing that's ever said or done
Is represented with the best effect.
Men, women, children, all and every one,
Are perfect in their parts : but, I suspect,
They have not such a turn for farce and fun
As heretofore ; and now I recollect,
Some of their conspirations are quite frightful,
Though, at a distance, they may seem delightful.

XCIII.

I would not here be understood to state
That, when the pair I mentioned went to Paris,
They found such things as those of which I prate,
Although that age had several strange vagaries,
In dress, talk, manners, now gone out of date.
Those pleased them much ; but every one who marries
Shall find that honey-moons are rather stupid,
Though Plutus make the match instead of Cupid.

XCIV.

If wed to a young dame, you must look smugly,
And seem to love as though your heart would blister;
But, if you've wed the fortune of some ugly
Hag that is like Medusa's elder sister,
Surely, though you have touched the rhino snugly,
'Tis punishment enough once to have kissed her;
In such a case, I will be bold to say,
'Tis hard a body cannot run away.

XCV.

But those of whom I scribble suffered more
Annoyance than is usual in such cases;
Both felt distressed, even to the bosom's core,
And looked but shyly in each other's faces;
Nor found they much relief in twenty score
Of novel scenes, at all the public places,
For each felt rather apprehensive that
The other should find out—you'll soon know what.

XCVI.

'Tis usual, when they've got their hero wedded,
For story-tellers all to think of resting :
But mine's a new attempt. I have not dreaded
To make even wedlock somewhat interesting !
And though my draggled muse is quite light-headed,
And has a most confounded trick of jesting,
This is a tale of woe, and Hope's miscarriage,
Which very properly begins with marriage.

XCVII.

Marriage, thou musical accord of gladness !
Thou most discordant bond of deadly jarring !
Thou loveliest hope of lovers in their madness !
Thou direst plague of those who don't like sparring !
Sweetener of all home-comforts ! Source of sadness !
Thou maddest step of passion the most daring !
What shall I sing of thee ? By heavenly Hymen,
This question is, I think, enough to try men.

XCVIII.

Peruse the history of all past ages ;
Read Plutarch, Aikin, all books of biography ;
Next learn the sentiments of all the sages
Whose fame is handed to us by orthography ;
Consult all people in the various stages
Of life, in every place known to geography,
Before you yield to wedded love's dominion ;
For I intend to give you no opinion.

XCIX.

At length the Count, one night with wine light-headed,
Discovered thus the cause of his distresses :
“ My sweet Rebecca, when with me you wedded,
“ It seems you thought, unless I make bad guesses,
“ That I had got a title when I said it ;
“ And counted yourself one among Countesses.
“ Love made me then deceive : but now my glory
“ Is at a dis-count—I'm but plain Signore.

C.

- " I, likewise, told you something of a bishop :
- " 'Tis true I once had such a worthy uncle ;
- " But Death, long since, has made him part with his shop ;
- " Dim is that face where shone each bright carbuncle !
- " What loaves and fish he had contrived to fish up,
- " He left, before his cup of life was drunk all,
- " To be divided by his natural progenies,
- " And died, as some say, poorer than Diogenes.

CI.

- " The truth is that my only expectations
- " Are from the fortune your mamma must give you."
- His hearer tittered, spite of her vexations,
- And gave him this droll answer : " To relieve you
- " From all mistakes, good sir, I crave your patience ;
- " And as I've now no reason to deceive you,
- " I must declare my fortune's not a livre—
- " You stare!—no, 'pon my honor, not a stiver.

CII.

- " The woman whom you took for my progenitrix
 " Was nought to me, except as sprung from Adam.
" We only played a farce, composed of many tricks,
 " For which, as manager, I payed old madam ;
" In short we were quite competent to any tricks,
 " And counterfeited ailments till we had 'em ;
" Hoping some gull of fortune to entangle ;
" But I've been bit : and now don't let us wrangle.

CIII.

- " How now ! you see that I am in good humour,
 " And, surely, I have cause to feel some fury.
" Your nether lip is swelling like a tumour.
 " Upon my word, you would succeed at Drury,
" As an Othello, you're so like a true Moor :
 " I leave this matter to a judge and jury.—
" What a fine—tragic roll—your eyes have got !—
" Oh—I shall—burst with laughing—on this spot !

CIV.

“ Now only think of all the monstrous trouble
“ We’ve had with you in this unfair affair ;
“ Poor dear mamma compelled to grow quite double,
“ While I her singular double dealings share ;
“ And then to find we have but caught a bubble !
“ I went so far as to make people stare,
“ Painting my fine complexion white and yellow ;
“ And all for you,—you unreasonable fellow !

CV.

“ Oh, the deceivers that seem smooth as silk,
“ And bristle into porcupines next day !
“ I do think Hope is now more apt to bilk
“ Than ever, and leads people more astray.
“ ’Tis certainly enough to turn the milk
“ Of human kindness into curds and whey
“ To find one’s self thus absolutely married !—
“ This blow, at least, I wish I could have parried.

CVI.

" You really ought to feel ashamed—confounded
" At thus imposing on a simple maiden ;
" Blighting affection that seemed so well-grounded.
" Oh, think of your poor soul with guilt o'erladen !
" I should not wonder if you were struck down dead,
" You wicked creature ! But too much I've said in
" Vain, sir. Pray what's o'clock ? Good Lud deliver
us,
" The expression of your face is quite carnivorous !"

CVII.

The wight grew sober instantly ; he hurried,
Along the room, three times backwards and forwards ;
His jovial leer was gone ; but somewhat flurried
Seemed he in temper ; neither hiccup nor words
Broke from him, for some time ; his eyes grew lurid ;
Nor did he hear his wife who uttered more words—
But curst his stars in English and Etruscan,
As well as any hero of the buskin.

CVIII.

Said he : " O San Michele ed ogni santi !

" Ahi ! maladette sian le averse stelle !

" Son rovinato !—Ruthless Fates, why can't ye

" Spare me these fearful buffets ? O che belle

" Nozze mi son fatte omai !" With such rant, he

Expressed his rage : but I must plainly tell ye,

That were his whole speech here 'twould be intolerable ;

And, to report it, I am not a scholar able.

CIX.

" Solo per maritarmi io son venuto

" In Inghilterra, ed ecco è tutto guasto

" L'affare ! Oimè se avessi conosciuto

" Un poco più le donne, e il genio vasto

" C'hanno per la menzogna ! Ma ho perduto

" In vano il lavoro mio ; ed io non basto

" Ad ingannarle ancora, io semplicetto !"

This was his best hit in the wordy set-to.

CX.

Well tired, at length, he listened to his lady
Who thus exhorted him : " I really wonder
" Much at this scene : for shame, sir, be more steady.
" 'Tis plain that each of us has made a blunder,
" In trying to grow richer : and I'm ready
" To break the bonds of wedlock you groan under :
" So, if you please, pack up, and on the morrow
" Abscond ; but think not that I'll die of sorrow."

CXI.

Her husband brightened at this hint, and swore
By six or seven saints, that he would never
Desert so generous a spouse. Much more
Was said, upon this subject, than shall ever
Appear in print. When their discourse was o'er,
They gave themselves to Sleep, the sweet deceiver.
Next morn the lady, waking all alone,
Found her advice was ta'en—her husband gone.

CXII.

I need not mind describing how well tempered
The widowed wife appeared, at this discovery.
Some say she laughed, and no one says she whimpered:
But, certainly, as to her quondam lover, he
Cared not a fig whether she wept or simpered;
But, casting off all care, away he drove, very
Gaily, no more with matrimony hampered,
And, once again, in search of fortune scampered.

CXIII.

The parted couple did not meet with any
Adventure worth recounting, till some winters
Had turned, on springs, to summers just as many.
So, reader, as you would not care three splinters
To hear of them meanwhile, (and, to be plain, I
Am longing to be ready for the printers,)
We'd better skip the intervening period,
And come, at once, to something that is very odd.

CXIV.

My heroine, having become governante,
By some chance, to an English merchant's daughters,
Sailed with them to the fruitful isle of Zante,
Where dwelt their father ; and, while on the waters,
Began to tell how her *perfido amante*
Had gone to seek his fortune, while she sought her's.
This tale the listeners did much admire at,
Till seamen bawled on deck : " We're chased—a pirate!"

CXV.

Then was the tale cut shorter. The young women
Grew suddenly devout ; their prayers they prayed,
As fast as lightning ; and, as fast, the seamen
Uttered loud oaths above. The captain bade
All sails be crowded ; but the Osmanlimen
Gained fast upon the fugitives dismayed,
Who soon agreed that, without more hubbubbing,
'Twere best to yield, and save themselves a drubbing.

CXVI.

The first shot struck their mainsail ; shot the second
Took off the carpenter's best leg, ('twas timber ;)
The third shot killed the cook who had not reckoned
On such, and was just killing a fine limber
Turkey. The fourth discharge swept clean the deck, and
Gave Pat Mulroony somewhat to remimber.
So they lay to, with marvellous docility,
After those little symptoms of hostility.

CXVII.

The flag is struck ; no more the Christian men try
To flee ; no more the bullets whiz and whistle.
And now the blustering copper-coloured gentry,
With turbaned heads, and chins of roughest bristle,
On board the prize make their triumphal entry,
Looking as grim as if their hearts were gristle,
And straight began to rummage and to rifle,
Which terrified the females not a trifle.

CXVIII.

Their leader spoke a deal of lingua Franca,
And, for a Blackamoor, seemed rather yellow ;
And though a Mussulman, he freely drank a
Goblet of wine, like any northern fellow ;
Which Mahomet declares to be a prank, a
Believer should not play, with fiends to bellow :
'Tis just as if, in Italy, some glutton
Should, on a Friday, cram down beef or mutton.

CXIX.

The freebooters next laid a strict embargo
On all the persons whom they had delayed in
Their purposed voyage, and made every tar go
Under the hatches, while his Moorship made an
Enquiry of the value of the cargo,
And as to with what goods the ship was laden ;
Who being told that there were females in it,
Swore he should go and see them all, that minute.

CXX.

And to the cabin down he went *instantly*,
Where he no sooner popped his goodly nose in,
Than screamed the misses, as if some enchanter
Were come to take them to the fiend his cousin.
He made a bow : no man could look gallanter ;
But, at that very moment, half a dozen
Big swelling billows gave the ship a jog,
And knocked him stumbling forward like a log.

CXXI.

Till he came right against the foremost lady,
Who was about to curtsy low, in answer.
“ I beg ten thousand pardons, madam,” said he,
In English. “ Awkward fel— !” said she, “ No man,
sir,
“ Could have appeared, in such a case, more steady
“ Than you have done : nor might the nicest dancer
“ Have taken other steps than those you took.”
This speech the Moor replied to, by a look ;

CXXII.

A look of fun,—and then a stare of wonder :

“Corpo di Bacco ! Diavol ! Sant’ Antonio !

“Eh,” quoth the Corsair, “Ma’am, unless I’m under

“A great mistake, I heretofore have known you.”

She stared at him, as if his words were thunder,

Half screamed a laugh, and said : “O fie upon you !

“That Barbary habit has so barbarised you,

“I hardly ever should have recognized you !

CXXIII.

“Well, how d’ye do ?—but Gaddo, darling, tell me,

“Where have you been, and what have you been doing,

“Those few years past ? Some droll mishaps befell me,

“After your flight. And so you’ve been pursuing

“Honest men’s ways. Do you intend to sell me,

“When we arrive at Fez ? Why you are going

“Fast to the—What the deuce can have induced you

“To take to robbing ? What has it produced you ?”

CXXIV.

He answered : " You well know, that my religious

" Opinions, formerly, were quite licentious :

" But I found conscience growing too litigious ;

" And, I assure you, 'twas from conscientious

" Motives I changed—Why what is there prodigious

" In me or my discourse, my pretty wenches,

" That you express astonishment, in ocular

" Language, and seem to be so very jocular ?

CXXV.

" The only persons I despoil, at present,

" Are merchants—the mere pest of all society—

" Who, with their luxuries, have to decay sent

" So many states, destroying all sobriety.

" The faith of Islam, too, is rather pleasant,

" Though sometimes I have doubts, in great variety,

" Whether they have the right receipt, Rebecca,

" For saving people's souls, at Rome, or Mecca.

CXXVI.

“ Enough of this. I have acquired some riches,
“ By my profession, and our laws allow
“ Each male to conjugate four females, which is
“ A very good law : but I’m married, now,
“ Only to three divine Circassian witches :
“ So you shall be my fourth first wife, I vow,
“ I’ve thirty children, most of whom, my pretty mate,
“ Are very little more than illegitimate.

CXXVII.

“ Then you must change your name, my good sultana ;
“ The Turks have christened me : my name is Solyman.
“ You shall be Fatima or Roxalana,
“ And, though a renegado, I’m a jolly man,
“ As you shall find.” She gave her Mussulman a
Goodly assent : (denial would be folly, man.)
Their conversation then became long-winded ;
(If you read half of it you would be blinded.)

CXXVIII.

At her request, he did not rob the vessel
Which brought his rib upon this expedition ;
Though, I believe, the rover could repress ill
His wish to do so : at his wife's petition,
He likewise gave the spinsters vastly less ill
Treatment than they feared from his bad volition,
And, to the sailors was so very civil,
He told them they might all sail to the devil.

CXXIX.

They, I suppose, all followed his advice ;
For none of them liked sailing to beatitude :
But the young ladies, who should be more nice,
Spoke of his wife and him with much ingratitude ;
No sooner free from fright, but in a trice
They gave their tongues such longitude and latitude,
As to make game of both, nor once remark yet
His goodness in not sending them to market.

CXXXIV.

The Imans grew cross, and swore, upon their credit,
That he'd be damned, and had no hope of glory.
The Friars told him that he need not dread it,
Swearing he'd only go to Purgatory,
To have his sins calcined ; and when they said it,
Promised to pray him out again. The more I
Reflect on this, the more I'm puzzled quite,
To guess which priesthood was most in the right.

CXXXV.

The Inquisition once became inquisitive,
About the firmness of his wife's credulity,
And even threatened to pay him a visit, if
He did not put a curb on her garrulity,
At length, this zeal became so far acquisitive,
They threatened him and her with less sedulity ;
In fact, he paid them many a good zechin,
When she the road to Heaven had mistaken.

CXXXVI.

With her good man long lived his English wife,
Who never could become half so religious
As he was, in his latter time of life.
The penances he went through were prodigious,
Waging a constant psychomachial strife,
Which to describe however would be hideous ;
So that these odd memoirs are here concluded,
O'er which I've yawned at least as much as you did.

CXXXVII.

I here disclaim any participation
In Gaddo's character, am very sure he
Is not myself : so hear my conjuration—
Ye reverend and irreverend, I conjure ye,
Assail me not with your flat defamation,
Nor trouble me with words of sound and fury ;
Because I am much prone to melancholy,
And don't like laughing,—so restrain your folly.

CXXXVIII.

I must confess my hero is a rascal,
(Heroes are always better for rascality,)
And, that my heroine will surely task all
The patience of each person of morality.
Such people, then, to pardon me I ask all ;
Because I'll prove that virtue is a quality,
Which, as it will not let them rob or kill any,
Suits not with heroes half so well as villainy.

CXXXIX.

But then, remember, make your villains human,
Not fiends who merely shock us while we read,
Such as Mokanna. If you paint a woman,
Don't make her naughty, or she's nought, indeed.
Describe no weeping murderers ; for who, man,
Will think such natural ?—but onward lead
Your readers, by denying perfect virtue
Or guilt to those you sing, and 'twill not hurt you.

CXL.

In short, a character that's interesting
Must act with most surprising impropriety,
And wickedness is, certainly, the best thing
To make adventurers excite anxiety.
Thus manslayers, whom all join in detesting,
And robbers make good heroes ; while sobriety
Would, in a hero, be the reader's loathing :
Because such sober wights do always—nothing.

CXLI.

Now there's the Devil ; he is Milton's hero,
And, to give him his due, displays his guilt on,
So as to be a matchless cavaliero,
And worthy of a poet such as Milton :
But, if he had not been a downright Nero,
Compared with Adam, could that bard have built on
Making the aforesaid Devil entertaining ?
The answer is too plain to need explaining.

CXLII.

Pater Eneas, who was surnamed *Pius*,

Was nothing less than an intriguing plunderer,

And Virgil, if he wished to edify us,

Ought to have had him shot dead by the Thunderer :

But as to ethics, the best poets try us;

Shakespeare himself, in those points, is a blunderer ;

Yet few bards now could have such lax ideas,

As to discover piety in Eneas.

CXLIII.

I could adduce more instances ; but better

Than Satan and Eneas are not plenty ;

And, if I showed them, they might spoil my metre,

Besides those two will serve as well as twenty.

You see that custom has no kind of fetter

Which I have not put on, as dressy men tie

Their neckcloths : so ye critics of acumen

Behave, (if possible,) like good and true men !

CXLIV.

And ye, O learned Thebans, very clever
Word-mongers who, with looks of solemn gloom,
Offer your judgements upon things you never
Could do, if toiling to the day of doom,
(Though trifles, merely,) make a small endeavour
With all your little efforts to unplume
My Muse, and then before she wings away,
With half a laugh shall thank you. Now, good day.

NOTES

TO

G A D D O .

Note 1, page 113, stanza 9.

Stanza the ninth alludes to the ' Prospectus
And specimen of an intended national
Poem,' the Messieurs Whistlecraft project us;
And all must own, their poetry is rational,
Not like to Pye's or Blackmore's—Heaven protect us!—
Nor should their pens remain much longer stationary:
For Arthur may regain his crown in Britain.
In consequence of what those bards have written.

[But now the general reader should, perhaps,
Be told that the production here in question
Was written, not by those mechanic chaps,
But by a man who could have played the best tune
On Phœbus' lyre. The Muses might pull caps
For such. His name, which still amongst the best shone,
Was the Right Honorable J. H. Frere,
And Whistlecraft was but a *nom de guerre*.]

Note 2, page 148, stanza LXXVIII.

" Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,

" So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,

(You'll find I quote correctly, not by guess)

" Drew Priam's curtain at the dead—" (just one
O'clock) " of night, and would have told him" (Press

A rhyme in) " half his Troy was burned," (Have done
With it; just add *et cetera*, and write

SHAKESPEARE, *Hen. IV.* Part II. Scene I. All's right.)

Note 3, page 178, stanza CXXXIX.

Just look at Moore's attempts in " Lalla Rookh;"—

His heroes so heroic that Old Nicholas,

That grand reviewer, could not, in the book,

Find one of them not *perfectly* ridiculous,

In their perfection ;—at his villains look,

So villainous, that his sweet verse can't tickle us

To reperuse their stories : so they're failures ;

That's my opinion. Now do you retail yours.

GERBINO THE BEAUTIFUL:

A TALE,

VERSIFIED FROM THE DECAMERONE OF BOCCACCIO.

—Lovirs ben the folke that ben on lyve
That moste disease have, and moste unthrive,
And moste endurin sorowe woe and care,
And that the leste felin of welfare ;
What nedith it ayenist trouth to stryve !

CHAUCER : *The Cuckowe and the Nightingale.*

GERBINO THE BEAUTIFUL.

Oh, turn we to a famed, a moving story ;
 Weave we a garland 'neath the cypress tree,
 And with wan flowers bedeck an ancient grave
 Of those who died for love. Though dim the glory
 Of grief, to deeper life awaken we
 In some unjoyful vision, from the cave
 Of true enchantments called,—the sanctuary
 Wherein the treasure-tomes of sweet sad thought
 Dire scenes of the departed world unfold.
 These in the hush of midnight conning o'er,
 I found a legend of love's holy martyrs,—
 One of fond Memory's unbroken charters,
 A fair sepulchral relic of rich lore,
 From the remembered dead not vainly brought,
 To waft you backward into sorrows old.
 It is a tale which that heart-learned clerk
 Of Florence rescued from the voiceless dark,

And with bright touch illumined when he told
Of hapless lovers.

Whilome there were ages
Upon this very earth, this clouded earth,
When stainless chivalry and knightly worth
Were not as fables and inventions fine ;
When honour was alive and daily seen,
Sunning the light where swords or sceptres shine,
Where its awards were deemed the goodliest wages
For daring deeds.—Oh, that unwint'ry season ;
Few now believe that such could e'er have been,
So dwarfed are men, so fallen in sorry treason
'Gainst the old worship of the statelier scene !
Ye scoffers, has not Bayard lived—and died ?
Has not the saint of honour and full fame,
Sidney, displayed the marvel of his life
Upon the very soil where, far and wide,
The money-changers pant in their poor strife,
As though the land ne'er brightened with his name.
Have the dread soldiers of the Sepulchre,
The bands of Rhodes, the pilgrims of the Cross—
Have those wrought feats heroically fair,
To find their toils a misremembered loss ?
Smile ye, dull herd, at such high names, the while ?
Ah, there is nought so rueful as your smile !

To bootless gain, to wilful bondage sold,
Impoverished most piteously with gold,
Yours is the madness of low creeping cares,—
The wisdom to be noble still was theirs.

'Twas in that proudest time that Earth e'er knew,
King William reigned o'er Sicily, and grew
Famous for princely faith and courtesy;
And thus he prospered to his latest eld,
Happy in all, save that an only son,
Whose goodly promise he had joyed to see,
Untimely died: yet Heaven hath spared him one
To chase the gloom from off his waning years;
Gerbino calls him grand-sire,—still beheld
A brightened image of the lost, as though
That old King's tears from out the clay had won him,
And he, the mourned, had risen from his rest,
With all the bliss of his sweet sleep upon him,
And somewhat of the angel in his mien;
Thus heired, in his new self he reappears.
This youthful prince outsped his bold compeers
In every daring deed of warlike show,
Or great adventure; and where he was seen
Came sweet disquiet to each gentler breast.
'The Beautiful' they called him, and in sooth,
No other clime could boast a goodlier youth.

Bounteous he was ; and many minstrels told
His early prowess in the lordly halls
Of other lands, in every joyous hold,
Where noble ladies, at high festivals,
Sighed unto him from regions far asunder,
With many a word of praise and gentle wonder.
Even to Paynim realms of Barbary
His winged name went kindling love about.
But of all those who fondly heard his fame,
None hearkened with such yearning of delight
As that young royal beauty, Valideh,
Whose sire held Tunis in his sceptred sway :
And ne'er was Sultan with such glory dight
Who in her choice had not more glorious been ;
By a King's side ne'er shone so sweet a Queen,
Nor ever champion bled for lovelier dame.
Lofty in soul was she, and quick of thought,
And most the lays of knighthood won her ear ;
But of Gerbino would that Princess hear
Untired, into the depth of midnight dull,
For that they named him, still, 'The Beautiful' ;
Certes, 'twas this that in her spirit wrought.
And, on the morrow, she would task her soul
To shape him forth, until an image came
Between her and all dim realities

Of outward sight, such as young lovers frame
In the first cloudless advent of desire,
The time of tearless musing, heartfelt ease ;
Nor once against such fantasy she strove,
But with strange hope borne every fear above,
Dreamed into all the blessedness of love.
'Tis much the custom of that race to hide
Those lights of life, too rarely else descried,
Thus narrowing, yet exalting passion's fire :
But still the wonder of her loveliness
May not be hidden, but from heart to heart
Reaches the shores of many seas apart,
In Christendom or Heatheness, and is found
Among Love's true believers far around,
Till all his wayward sectaries are won
To that diviner faith which owned but her alone,
The May-queen of all those whom hope and beauty bless.

Befel upon that vigil, that soft eve
Of a hoped festal-time, too slow to dawn,
Ere she had learned in absence yet to grieve,
Ere yet to any woe her sighs were drawn,
Within the haram-bower was brought one day
A Frankish trafficker in gems, who sought
Before that lofty one to make display

Of his rich casket-treasure,—girdles wrought
With purest pearl; tiaras fit to deck
A queen-bride newly throned; and for her neck
Circlets of twined sapphire which might seem
The dainty task of some light-handed fay:
But there the diamond shot its sovereign beam
O'er rainbow-tinted glories of the mine.
Those long she eyed; and much the Princess praised
Each precious work: but, as her looks she raised
To question somewhat, changed as by a spell,
The grey-beard Frank was gone, and in his stead
A comely squire before her bent, and said
His secret errand, and in parlance fine
Told all of love that loveless tongue may tell,
Teaching her how that famed Sicilian Prince
Breathed but for her, and vowed himself, long since,
To be her knight at tourney, and in field,
Beseeching for sweet ruth that she'd receive
Those tokens of true homage, and believe
His offered faith.—“Oh can it truly be?
“Can the poor day such undreamt joyance yield?
“Is love, then, still a god?”—Thus questioned she
Her heart, one giddy moment;—then her voice
Came tuned with gentle bliss, and sweetly trembled,
As would an angel's lute, ere Heaven's great quire rejoice

Had she not been all truth in soul and lip,
Her's was too full delight to be dissembled ;
And so, with many a blush, and words that trip
Faltering, she told her tender care, and gave
Glad hope for hope, with gifts that might beseem
So proud a knight, and named him for her own.
How those clear diamonds seemed to dim their rays,
Beneath the starrier lustre of her gaze,
When now as love-gifts to her view they gleam
Of him most loved ! If ever Heaven shone down
Into a human bosom, 'twas with her
All that enchanted day, that sleepless night
Of many dreams. Aye, many a night and day,
She seemed as wafted from this world away,
A soul scarce fettered by its mortal clay ;
Heart-tranced, yet wakeful as if every breath
She drew were from the sweets of Eden-flowers.
Perchance some untold mystery of Fate
Which links the loveliest to the loveliest ever,
In one fond hope, though doomed on earth to sever,
Joined those two perfect beings in one wreath ;
As though they were apart from all their kind,
Framed for one bliss, one unexampled love :
But thus did they the depth of passion prove,
While two swift years sped on without a date,

Each unbeheld of other. If they pined
Awhile, hope came anon, and life delighted,
With many an interchange of sweetest thought,
And dearest gifts, and many a promise plighted
Of speedy meeting. Then a change was wrought—
Oh, not in their true hearts ! but that their doom
Was such as lovers find from the chill hate
Of those who are the aliens-born of joy,
The unchosen people. Soon the tidings come,
Buzzed by the busy prowlers of the court,
Of this half-hidden love ; and these report
Unto the Moorish King, with added lies,
How for a Christian knight his daughter sighs,
And so to rid him of such deep annoy,
To speedy wedlock he has vowed the dame ;
Granada's lord the spouse to whom her sire
Betrothed her. Not the desert blast of fire
Could blight her thus. She weeps—she maddens rather ;
But tears, nor swoons can move that wrathful father.

Tunis was then a tributary state
To the Sicilian ; and its ruler claims,
By lordly embassy dispatched thereon,
A pledge of safeguard, at King William's throne,
To shield that bark which bears as dear a freight

As e'er was trusted to the wave. 'Tis granted :
Nought knows that aged Prince of love-tales now,
Nor dreams he of Gerbino's secret vow.
Ah, better that his burial-dirge were chanted
Ere he had thus bestowed his royal word !

All now is ready. Favouring gales afford
Their aid, and that huge bridal-bark is gone
Forth on the watery ways. O beauteous one,
Droop not to death, amid thy sorrowing dames !
Thine is the boldest knight, the truest lover
That e'er drew steel : there's not an ocean-rover
Shall bear thee from him to thy unloved mate.
Yes, he hath heard thy call for aid, afar ;
He speeds upon the billows ;—thou the star
To shape his course ; the very hour is nigh
Of life—oh, life to both ! Thou shalt not sigh,
A crowned captive in Granada's halls,
Nor, while he breathes, perish in golden state ;
So thy heart tells thee : nor deceives the while.

Yes, he awaits thee by Sardinia's Isle,
With two swift gallies, two redoubted crews,
Nor many hours can fleet before he views
The coming prize.

“ Aye, there she swims in sight ;
“ That Ark of hope, with scarce a wave, a breath
“ To heave her sails, or speed her on her flight !
“ Now, trusty friends, if I esteem aright
“ Your worth, there is not one of you but feels,
“ Or hath felt love, ere now ;—love, without which
“ Methinks no mortal can himself enrich
“ With any noble gift : and, if ’tis so,
“ Not vainly to your deeds this heart appeals ;
“ Not many words will ye require to know
“ That which I cannot speak. For life or death,
“ Love bade me bring you hither. In yon bark
“ She whom I love is prisoned ;—and for you
“ Great store of gold is there, a treasure sent,
“ As fitting guerdon for the bold and true.
“ One dearest maid be mine ; the shining spoil
“ Be yours alone. With brief and manly toil
“ Achieve we this emprise. Do ye not mark
“ How Nature holds her breath to favour our intent ?
“ How all those pendants droop, while the rich prize
“ Waits for its winners ? Ho, the trumpets sound
“ For the assault !” A sudden shout replies ;
The clarions ring ; the sturdy rowers strain,
In foamy furrows, o’er the glassy plain :
And now they near the floating bulwark’s side,

Where, ready for the fray, her crew was found,
For these well knew what foemen they descried.
At once Gerbino summons them to yield ;—
But sternly they deny his bold demand,
With fierce and scornful threats ; him and his band
As faithless they defied, while forth they held
That glove, the hallowed pledge of safety sent
By the Sicilian to the Moorish King ;
Brief was the look which on that pledge he bent ;
He saw—'twas she !—upon the lofty poop
The lady of his heart !—this hour hath rent
The veil of absence : all that tenderest hope
Or fairest fancy painted now must fade,
Where that surpassing creature shines displayed,
While to her chosen one those glances bring
Rapture 'till then unknown. Again he speaks,
With heaving bosom, and with flushing cheeks :
“ Fond men, that glove avails not :—o'er the deep
“ No falcons have we brought, to own its sway :
“ But here are such as carve the vulture's prey,
“ And take with hands what gauntlets may not keep.
“ Enough ;—ye will not live : then, madmen, die !”
Now speed the arrowy volleys ; and from high
Huge stones are hurled, and whizzing javelins fly.
And spears are crossed with spears, in sudden fray ;

And sword and scimitar are fiercely wielded.
On either part are deeds beseeeming well
War's sturdiest minions : yet while many fell,
Though long the strife, 'twas vain, for neither yielded,
Nor quailed at urgent death. At length, the slaughter
Fails in its over-toil ; the troubled water,
Vexed but with human wrath, less bloody flows
Between the barks. With speedier ruin, now,
See, the impatient Prince assails his foes !
Beneath the huge ship's side his followers tow
A barge with flaming pitch and faggots laden :
'Tis thus he hopes to win the royal maiden
From those for whom all hope of flight is o'er.
Hark ! they demand a parley ; and, once more,
He sees his love !—they lead her to the prow,
Weeping, sweet lady, ah, how bitterly !
While thus their leader spake : “ We give her thee,
“ Such as we can, such as thy faith should have—
“ Take her ! ”—In vain her shrieks for mercy crave ;
In vain for aid !—the murderer's steel is raised,—
He strikes—Oh ! God she dies !—Oh ! fearful sight
To meet a lover's view ! that lover's name
The last half-uttered accent of her lip,
Ere thence the heart-blood gushing choked its tone.
And see ! those red hands, from the hostile ship,

Have flung that beauteous corse into the wave !
But never yet were sainted relics won
With such devotion, as that form was seized
Ere it could sink within its briny grave.
Oh, then the heart-quake shook him, and the blight
Deadlier than death !—He starts up with a rage
Wilder than madness, closer war to wage,
And, grappled to the foe, he soon is seen
Hewing his path from reeking deck to deck,
Followed full well : but ere with falchions keen
He and his band could reap their fill of death,
The sheeted fire mounts quickly from beneath,
To close the scene whose horrors are at full.
They part, with little spoil. The blazing hull
Was quickly charred, with all its blackened dead,
Down to the hissing wave, a smoking wreck.
Sad victory for those who had so boldly bled !

The fearful hour is past. Upon its bier
Is laid that fairest ruin of pale clay,
Where late thy spirit shone, young Valideh !
And, like a red rose shedding o'er the white
Its dewy life, so bends thy faithful knight
Above that slaughtered form, with many a tear,
And on those breathless lips he doth impress
Kisses as fond as living joy could bless,

Till came the parting hour. Yon islet-bay
Receives them on its shore, a funeral train ;
And there, in Ustica, her knell is tolled,
And he must yield unto the sightless mold
The idol unto which his grief hath bent
In its despairing worship. Forth they went,
Darkening the dawn upon a flowery plain,
To where a lowly hermitage was seen,
With its small chapel, 'mid the yew-tree's shade.
There winds the pathway to a couch new-made
Among the dead : the goal of sleep serene.
The requiem-chant, the burial-rite is done,
And o'er that shrouded corse the turf is laid.
No seeming woe mocked that departed one ;
No borrowed gloom in masking garb arrayed :
There was a very mourner ; looks most dim,—
Oh, there were tears indeed ! nor his alone,
But all who e'er love's living grief had known
Of those there gathered, wept and wept with him.

A moon is well nigh sped since that dark date.—
King William sits upon his throne of state,
Amid his barons,—an assembly sad.
Before him comes a dismal embassy,
A noble train, in weeds of mourning clad,

Sent by his Moorish vassal, there to plain
Of bloody wrong and faith bestowed in vain ;
Of foul dishonour to impeach his age,
Or bid him seal the downfall of his race.
There too is he whose forfeit life they seek,
Wan with no fear : care marked that wasted cheek
Not for a death to come. The felon's chain
Binds him, the guards surround ; no girded sword
Decks him ; before his royal grandsire's face,
He stands attaint of guilt. That hoary lord
Beheld him not : he could not trust his eye
To look on one so dear, whose wayward fate
Had shaped him to such ill.—With bearing high,
Most like the stern old Roman, there he sate
Mastering his heart, that aged hapless King,
To speak, as right demands, a dreadful word.
The accusers cease : no need have they to bring
Proof against him who dared and owns the deed,
Nor deigns, in such an hour, for life to plead.
’Twas thus he spake : “ Dread Sire, that I have done
“ A weak, a vain revenge for that sweet one
“ Proudly I vaunt, and prize such act above
“ All honour ; that ’twas just few words will prove,—
“ I was her knight,—she was my lady-love.
“ Yes, ’twas by me and mine her murderers bled,
“ Nor marked I in that hour what law forbade ;

“ And if perchance ’twas treason against you,
“ ’Twas fealty to a brighter sovereignty,
“ Whose lieges are heart sworn for aye to do
“ Their glad devoir. How could I recreant be,
“ Sprung as I am from those who are the true,
“ The faithful unto death? Deem not of me
“ That now I seek to shun the known award
“ Which you must give, or deem the sentence hard.
“ I’ve had my fill of Time, and would away
“ From all the darkness of Earth’s weary day.”

He ceased : and that proud King who could not brook
E’er to be faithless deemed, now fixed his look,
For the last time, upon him as he spoke,
And manned him to the task, with effort high :
“ Our royal pledge given to the lordly Moor
“ We thus redeem, and give him justice sure.
“ Thee, Prince Gerbino, here we doom to die
“ A traitor’s death.”

Beneath the headman’s stroke,
That day, that hour, before that throne he died ;—
The noblest knight died by the vilest hand !
And thus that haughty lord his faith maintained.

Till once again, the happy voices
 Of those whom Love had gathered there,
 In fairy galleys, far and near,
 Seemed well-nigh joyous to mine ear,
 And each sweet song stole through my heart,
 As when I, too, had borne a part ;—
 For many a youthful band rejoices,
 Along those shores, when eve is come ;
 While I, from out my living tomb,
 Far worse than dead, can still behold
 The gentle reign of young delight,
 Remembering years of swifter flight.
 Long centuries, methinks, have rolled
 Between that time and this which sees
 Me captive to all miseries.
 'Tis strange—but I, too, once could glide
 O'er that fresh wave, at even-tide,
 With him ;—oh ! had I then but died !
 Oh ! that I should remember bliss,
 Through hours, and days, and years like this,
 And know that once have beamed on me
 Days such as never should have set,
 But grown to an eternity,—
 When feelings all immortal seemed,
 And all our thoughts with sun-light teemed !

Yes ! others may at length forget :
But those dead hopes all haunt me still,
Without the kindly power to kill ;
Still their too-mortal prey am I
Without the power to die,—
A spectre doomed to clay and breath,
Forsaken both of life and death.

Thou hideous prison-roof, how long
Wilt thou shut out all heaven from me ?
O parents ! kindred ! can it be
That ye betrayed me to this wrong ?
I who was so caressed of all,
So loved, and loving ; shall my call
Wake no reviving tenderness ?
Even here I have not ceased to bless
Those who once blessed me. Turn again,
Nor let my watching be in vain.
Have ye so felt the chill of time,
As now to deem pure love a crime ?
Love, by whose hallowing influence,
We break and spurn the bonds of sense ;
On whose white wings we soar above,
Like native dwellers of the skies ;
Whose birth-place was in Paradise,

That had but utterable joys,
 Before the birth of Love !
 Deem not that I could e'er resign
 This heavenly, hapless dream of mine :
 For better is the despair of lovers
 Than the best hopes the loveless cherish ;
 And though each day, each hour, discovers
 How passion's truest zealots perish,
 For ever baffled,——still be mine
 The martyrdom—the pang divine !

And hast thou, too, forgotten me,
 And all the ills I'm doomed to prove ?
 Hast thou, too, learned to mock at love,
 Like the rank world ?——It cannot be.
 If now my cheeks have lost their glow,
 It was for thee they withered thus ;
 'Twas in the hour which parted us
 Those bitter tears began to flow
 Which have bedimmed mine eyes ; and now,
 'Tis but for thee to bid them shine,
 Kindling their rays with looks of thine.
 Mark ye the flashing oar afar,
 Brighter than the brightest star
 That guides the journeyers of the deep ?

O welcome, long-expected friends !
Haste, haste ye !—Soon once more I'll weep,
In the free air : this glad hour ends
My most forlorn captivity,
And I shall be a sighless creature,
Most young and fair in soul and feature,
As whilom it was mine to be
A chantress on that joyous sea.
Yes, some kind spirit has come down,
And called the lingerers to my aid,
And grieved to see a wretched maid
With more than mortal grief o'erthrown.
Mark how they hither speed !——'tis he !
'Tis Leonardo's self I see ;
Though distant yet, that form I know,
And do not err :——it must be so ;
As heretofore, I feel the day
Brightening before his welcome way :
If he were dead, as once they said,
I could not thus be phantom-led,
For spirits shun the ray.
How could I deem thee false, dear youth,
Thou that wast ever true as truth ?
How deem thy love was less than mine ?
Ah, hadst thou, thus, been doomed to pine,

One day, within a den like this,
 I would have braved all deaths to share
 The wrongs that Love must ever dare :
 But now we'll only speak of bliss,
 Less winged bliss, less fleeting cheer,
 Than seemed to smile for us whilere.

Now their small bark is nearing fast ;
 My beckoning hand they see.
 Come ye for me, dear friends, at last ?
 Come ye, sweet friends, for me ?
 Alas, though near, they cannot hear
 The voice that has grown faint with fear ;
 They cannot see my heaving breast
 Against this narrow window prest.
 O thou too-languid summer breeze,
 Lend wings to words so weak as these !
 Now they are gliding close below :
 Ah pitiless ! and will ye go ?
 Why bend on me that hopeless gaze
 That seems to mourn my lot, yet says
 That here I still must lose my days ?
 Come ye for me, dear friends ?——Alas !
 All silently away they pass,
 Like thousands more to whom I've prayed,

Through many a year, in vain, for aid.
Of all that breathe none will there be,
From this hour forth, to come for me.

'Twas fancy's mocking sorceries
That conjured up that image dear.
Thank heaven, at least he was not there !
Oh, 'twere a pang beyond all these
Had I beheld him thus pass on !
Perchance they've bound thee, dearest one,
Where wordy rage and worst despair
Dwell ramparted impregnably ;
Where the fettered mad, from their haunted lair,
Send up a scaring laugh on high,
More dread than thunder ; and the cry
Follows the lash ; and songs are heard
Sad as a funeral wail.
I too can laugh, but not in glee :
For there be imps within this cell,
And, though unseen, I hear them now,
Muttering what I dare not tell ;
And poison-dews are on my brow.
Perchance, from some far desert shore
Thy answering sighs to heaven arise,
And win bright tears from angel-eyes.

Where'er thou art—howe'er I deem
 Of thee, in many a wildered dream—
 I'll think thee faithful evermore ,

* * * * *

Heavens ! how I had forgotten all !
 What horrors can a thought recall !
 Have I not seen my lover's grave,
 In Venice, and yet live—to rave,
 To rave of joy on earth ? But I
 Shall also gain the bliss to die,
 And follow whither he hath fled,
 To Love's own world, wherein the dead
 Flowers of this clime shall bloom, once more,
 All-newly and for ever. There
 The true shall fear no wan despair,
 No arrowy thoughts to pierce the core
 Of gentle hearts : but, on that shore,
 All sainted lovers, from all lands,
 Shall meet, in most rejoicing bands,
 And by the floods of Paradise,
 And the ever-taintless springs,
 Through fadeless bowers where the sighs
 Of joy alone can e'er arise,
 We'll wander, while the beamy wings

Of angel-shapes fleet through the skies,
And their glad voices ever flow.
Ah, how we'll wonder there at woe !
O Hope, now more than ever sweet,
This thought repays thy past deceit !—
There, Leonardo, there we'll meet !

FADED BEAUTY.

Oimè il bel viso ; oimè il soave sguardo ;
Oimè il leggiadro portamento altero.

PETRARCA.

When, in the hours of boyhood's cloudless prime,
I was a denizen of Joy's far clime,
Begirt with wild romance's wildest dreams,
The dweller of an elfin-land whereon
Heaven seemed to shine with more than heavenly beams,
I knew a maid,—an almost matchless one :—
Seldom hath minstrel sung of lady gay
More fair, more worthy of a deathless lay
Than she ;—and much it grieves me, thus, to wrong
A theme so goodly with so mean a song.
She was, just then, in the rejoicing May
Of rarest loveliness ; and many a wight
Sighed for her, sorely, many a day and night.
Even in her April she made scores of fools,—

If love be folly, as the unlovely say;
 And many an idler made, in several schools,
 Where youths, to think of her, forsook the cares
 Of study as impossible affairs,
 And lolled in solemn reverie, or waged
 War for her sake, and 'gainst each other raged.
 Some took to rhyme, despite of grammar-rules:
 But all agreed upon one point,—to curse
 Learning of every kind, in every tongue;
 Till the dread sage, with disenchanting wand,
 Unlyred each Phœbus, and each Mars unmanned.
 Matters, however, still grew worse and worse;
 With heavier blows the house of bondage rung;
 Lore and the learned, with deeper hate, were banned.

This heart of mine, too, had well-nigh forsaken
 Its childish sports to love her; and the grace
 Of that fine mien was hoarded in my soul;
 And all the witcheries of her form and face
 Left a bright picture,—bright as Love could trace,—
 On my young memory, mocking Time's control:
 For, from the life that portraiture was taken,
 And painted on the life, in wondrous hues.
 Not Titian's pencil ever could awaken
 A shadow to such strong reality,

As that remembered image had for me.
Whene'er she walked abroad you might have seen
How many a swain the self-same way would choose,
Careful to meet her at each turn she took,
And gain the ruinous bliss of one sweet look.
They tracked her steps, like very spies,—I mean
Like lovers!—There is no espionage
To equal theirs, who not alone with sight
Can watch, and watch; but with the total might
Of heart and soul.—That was a golden age :
But gold hath eagle-wings to wend its way,
And I have, somehow, reached this iron day :
Yet as the hapless bird, despite its cage,
Strives to recall the fresh green wood again,
And nature's free delights, in many a strain
Such as the sylvan echoes knew full well,
So I, albeit, in but an uncouth lay,
Thus struggle, for a while, to dream away,—
Away—through thousand sunsets, back on time,
From out this straitened earth, and frozen clime,
Into that marvellous world of which I tell.

The maid of whom I spoke had gone ; and ere
I looked on her again, some half-score years
Were added to the past ;—when, lo ! appears,

Once more, by chance, that well-remembered fair :
'Twas on a day of spring ;—just such a day
As I had known her to have brightened, oft,
With the pure love-light of her glances soft,
More than could Sol, with his returning ray.
His beams can never reach beyond the sight :—
Hers dazzled inward to the heart, and made
Summer of all the year, and day of night,
Where'er she dwelt. And can those glories fade ?
Alas, they were but of a mortal maid !
I saw her ; and I knew that it was she,
Despite the faithful semblance in my breast
Which all her early traits so well expressed.
I knew her by the sparkle of her eyes :
Yet that seemed, now,—bright though it was,—to be
But the wan spectre of their former light,—
A wintry sunset in the joyless skies.
I almost doubted if I saw aright,
So strange, yet so well-known, she seemed to me.
The lips that were right coralline, when last
I had beheld them,—in their present hue,
Resembled rose-leaves scattered by the blast
Of autumn, where there falls no freshening dew.
But oh, the cheeks ! Out on ye, felon-years,
That would despoil that gifted creature, so !

How could ye quench the clear and living glow,
The world of bloom, the soul's transparent flow,
To make those cheeks but as a path for tears ?

Thus all was changed ;—save that her tresses fine
Were wreathed, in silky darkness, as before,
Over her smooth and lily-tinted brow ;
And still her form retained the grace divine
Of faultless elegance it ever wore :
Yet these remains of lesser beauties, now,
But told of each excelling charm, the more,
So lavished once on her—so soon bereft :
As, in the desert, some huge columns, left
Still towering, show the dreary site from whence
The boasted piles of old magnificence,
And the world's early grandeur, have been razed.
Mid such a waste, had I, then, musing, gazed
On some great ancient empire's desolate seat,
Where nought, around, the exploring eye could meet,
But broken burial-marks of many a dome
Whose vastness might have been a Titan's home ;—
Where once the hundred-gated Thebes arose,
And is not ; or where the Assyrian's pride
Reared his great state, by rich Euphrates' side,
Or by swift Tigris ; even such scenes as those,

So still, so bare, so gloomy, so decayed,
 The dried-up course of a once-boundless tide
 Of living power, whose funeral repose
 Speaks of long-perished pomp, dethroned sway ;—
 Not such could move my soul as then 'twas moved,
 Nor with such touching truth could e'er have proved
 How dreamy are the nothings that do sweep
 Before us, with us, from this land of sleep,
 Seeming so real, half our little day,—
 So steadfast, o'er the quicksands of decay,—
 With such a witching light upon them shed,
 Till comes the dull eclipse—and all is fled :
 Not such could give me that unuttered sense
 Of Time's unsparing power, those thoughts intense
 Which stirred my heart, while sadly I surveyed
 The faded beauty of that gentle maid.

A GOODLIE BALLADE

Of Sir Adomar, and of his faire ladye, with the greate love they bare
eche unto other, and how that hee came backe from Holie Lande,
but tarried not, taking with him awaie his true dame to a faire
realme.

SIR ADOMAR stoode at his castle gate ;
His steede is readie ; his merry men waite,
And his banner faire is spread :
For a holie vow that knight hath ta'en,
With lance and brand to cross the maine,
And that white banner, soone, to staine,
In Saracen gore, full redde.

“ Ladye, when backe I comè, o’er the sea,
“ Be thou the firste to welcome mee,
“ Or here I dwelle no more.”
Then spake that young dame, tenderlie :
“ A living woman if I shall bee,
“ I’ll be the firste to welcome thee
“ Backe from the Paynim shore.”

That knight hath hied, with the blessed hoste,
To reare the crosse on the Paynim coaste,
 And to bleede where Christe hath bledde.
For long years three, in Heathenrie,
He hath wielded sworde where the bravest bee,
And the boldest of them all is hee,
 When weapons are reeking redde.

'Tis long, 'tis long, since tidings came
To gladde that well-beloved dame :
 Her young cheeke waxeth white ;
The mourner's weedes are her array ;
But Hope beguiles her, day by day,
And manie an houre doth shee watche and pray
 For her owne faithfull knight.

From her castle-wall, at eventide,
Shee looked o'er the wave, and there shee spied
 A trim barke faring neare :
But blacke, blacke were the sailes, I trow,
And blinde she grew, for a space, with woe ;
She looked again, in haste ; and, lo !
 No barke was sailing there.

Midnight is come ; and, from manie a tombe,
The restless sprites fleet forth to roame,
 In the sweete moone-light raies.
From manie a sea and manie a shore,
They glide through the night, for evermore,
And seeke the haunts they loved of yore,
 And walke their earthlie waies.

And the living who thinke upon the dead
Oft wake, at the houre of midnight dread,
 To be alone with sorrowe.
Sir Adomar's bride hath forsaken sleepe,
Through these dim houres her watch to keepe.
Long hath shee wept ; long may shee weepe,
 Ere shee haileth a joyfull morrowe.

Who knockes so loude, and knockes so late,
At goode Sir Adomar's castle-gate ?
 " Stranger, who mayst thou be ?"
" I'm a lone wanderer of the gloome,
" And many a weary league I've come,
" From a far lande, over the colde sea-foame,
 " With tidinges, ladie, to thee.

" ~~Ere the~~ mid watche of this night is past,

" Sir Adomar ~~then~~ shalt see at last,

" Thy time of grief is o'er."

Shee stayed not longer parlance ~~there~~ ;

But, blithe as wild birde in sunnie aire,

Shee hasted down the winding staire

To the barbican's narrowe dore.

" Now, warder, speed ; the ~~gate~~ set ope

" To yon blest wight that bringes mee hope,

" Faire greeting to him bee done."

The warder hath hasted to greet that knight :

But, when he looked forthe in the wan moonelight,

Before the gate there stood no wight ;

Man saw hee never one.

" ~~Ladie~~, thy troubled thoughts have straid ;

" Thine eyes ~~were~~ cheated by a shade.

" None have sought entrance here."

To her chamber lone againe shee hies,

With tottering step, in woeful wise.

Full sore shee weepes ; full sore shee sighs ;

Her thoughts are thoughts of feare.

Now harke ! againe, right soone, shee heares
That knocking sounde, with startled eares,
 From the turret window smalle.
Again shee lookes ; again shee sees
Him shee had seen beneath the trees.
Is it a shipwrecked man of the seas
 That there for aide would calle ?

“ O Ladie, haste. The night wanes late ;
“ The dawne is neare ; I may not waite.
 “ Faine would I speak with thee.”
Downe, with right speedie step, shee's gone :
“ Be thou a man of fleshe and bone,
“ Or a spirit that wanders beneath the moone,
 “ Sir knight, say thy tidinges to mee.”

Shee spoke : but none made answer there.
Shee looked : but alle was still and dreare,
 For the moone had set o'er the sea.
But shee felt the rush of a colde dampe blast ;
A sad voice spoke her name in haste ;
And shee deemed that by her a shadowe past.
 “ Saint Maric, rue on me !”

Her hearte grew colde, as the threshold stone.
Againe to her chamber shee is gone :
 But, as shee past in there,
Shee was ware of a knight, in harnesse bright,
That went by her side ; but his footsteppes light
Were not like the tread of a warrior wight :
 They woke no sounde in aire.

On his stately helme shee knew the creste
Of the baron bolde that shee loved best ;
 And, on his dinted shield,
Shee saw Sir Adomar's blazonrie,
The eagle crowned, and crosses three,
In Heathennesse won right worthilie,
 Alle in a blood-red field.

“ Now haile to thee, brave Sir Adomar ;
“ Welcome be thou from the blessed warre.”
 “ Haile to thee, ladie mine.
“ I have kept my vowe, like a faithfull one,
“ And a fulle riche guerdon have I wonne.
“ Afar, on the plaine of Ascalon,
 “ Beneathe the blessed Signe.”

Hee raised his barred aventaille.
Oh, how his cheek was worn and pale !
 Oh, how his eye was dim !
His comelie lockes were stained with gore,
And a new wounde on his front hee bore.
I wot that ladie shook fulle sore,
 Then, as shee gazed on him.

Hee stooped, and kissed her tearefull cheek.
Why doth that gentle ladie shrieke,
 And backe, affrighted, starte ?
Why doth shee sobbe and shudder stille ?
Never was kisse of love so chille.
His lippes have sent an icie thrille
 Backe to her beating hearte.

Downe shee sunk in deadlie swoone,
As one whose earthlie daies are done,
 Whose bedde is the church-yarde molde.
Her damsels, at the dawn of day,
Came there to wake that ladie gay :
But in the breathlesse sleepe shee lay,
 And shee woke not where they could beholde.

Shee woke above the starrie skie,
Among the saintes who dwelle on hie,
 Where grieve can never light.
There Adomar his love did greet :
Sainte Marie, how his lookes were sweete !
In Paradise, when lovers meet,
 The angels smile more bright !

In the abbaye-churche they made her grave ;
And the monkes chaunt manie a holie stave,
 As thither her corpse is borne :
But Adomar's clay unburied lay
On a bloodie plaine, fulle farre away,
To the wilde desert-beastes a prey,
 And by hungrie vultures torne.

For eche Christian man that lay there colde,
Fulle twentie of Mahoune's liegemen bolde
 Were stretched upon that plaine :
But the bandes of the Crosse no more may boaste
Of a knight so brave as him they loste,
When, foremost of King Richarde's hoste,
 Sir Adomar there was slaine.

A TRIUMPH OF TIME.

THE FOLLOWING IS MERELY AN ABSTRACT PICTURE OF RUIN, AND
HAS BUT A SLIGHT ALLUSION TO ANY FACTS RECORDED IN HISTORY.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.

BYRON.

Of that great Puissance which overthrows
The kingliest seats of famous conquerors,
And fells the peasant's roof with equal sway,
Unpeopling earth, and bringing all to nought,
Under the funeral shadow of his wings,—
I would trace out a feeble record here.

One of the dead of a far age was freed
Even from the grave's enchaining sleep, and rose
From out the depths of the full gloom. To him
Was given the power to roam, a certain space,
Throughout the clime wherein his life had been,

In the forgotten reign of early kings,
The shepherd-kings of old. Fleeter than eagles,
He sought his mountain birth-place, and the haunts
Where his youth gathered its delights ; where first
He bounded through the lonely wooded wilds,
Along the fresh shores of the mountain-lakes,
With tireless limbs, and all a hunter's joy,
In ancient sunny hours. When Earth was young,
He had been of the sons of high renown,
One of most wondrous deeds, a vanquisher
Of tyrants, and a lawgiver whose thoughts
Were mightier than a giant-host to guard
His birth-land strongly,—such an one as he
Of Thebes,—a worthy of the first pure time.
He found the place where, once, his home had been ;
Where, once, a mount, clad with far-spreading forests,
Reared its huge head, in lasting snows arrayed,
High as the summer-clouds. All round its base,
Of old, were many cities, and that height
Was of fair isles and peopled lands the wonder.
He sought that mount, and found it not. Its place
Was empty. The fair cities, like their dwellers,
Were buried. The vast woods that had been, were not,
And left but nakedness and barrenness.
The wide lakes glittered to the sun no more ;

The thirsty earth had, long since, swallowed them ;
And the sea-isles were gone. Nought there was left
The same as oft his living eyes beheld,
But the ever-rolling waves of the great deep.
Even the seas were desert. No trim bark
Sped to or from those shores ; not even the skiff
Of the fisher scudded o'er the bay : but quicksands
Had marred the goodly haven which, so oft,
Held fleets in its broad shelter. Time had wrought
A piteous triumph, in that clime : his host
Of centuries had past, and done their worst.
An earth-shock had flung down the towering height,
And filled the lakes with its huge ruins. There
The fire-mountain disgorged its deluge red,
And, long ago, had sepulchred whole cities
Within a burning grave. Far, round about,
The holds of strength, the bulwarked citidels,
Were levelled like the hamlets—wholly razed,
Without a wreck of all that was. Their ruins
Had crumbled into ashes, long before,—
Their ashes into dust : for many ages,
Their very names had been unheard, on earth,
Decay had swept off all that had been. Now,
No track was seen to mark her scathing course.
That land seemed not even like the grave of aught :

It was as though the foot of man had ne'er
Been on it. Through that land no living thing,
Save the fierce desert-creatures, dwelt : to these
Man had forsaken all. Thick mists of death
Arose from the wide marshes, in whose place
The goodly lakes had been of old. Far, wide,
The air was tainted with the breath of plagues.

That Being turned away, as an earthly man
Would, shuddering, turn him from the murdered corpse
Of his own sire. With speed unspeakable,
He overpast the rueful realm, and all
The bounds of the vast wilderness, and came
Among the dwellings of the quick, where now
The ancient cities were, even in the place
Which wide and pathless forests had o'erspread,
When he had last been in the upper world.
There the all-wakeful voice of crowds was heard,
Where erst the wild birds warbled, in the glades
Of an untravelled land of sylvan gloom,
Through whose thick coverts all wild woodland things
Fearless rejoiced, together. Here, at least,
He sought to find, in the abodes of life,
Some of his race and name. He found them not.

None that had being now were of his blood ;
His lineage was in unremembered graves ;
His deeds were all forgotten ; and his name
Had been unheard, for many ages. Still,
There did he linger ; for he fain would hear
The tongue of his own land. He heard it not.
Another speech from that his lips had known
Was heard ; another people there had sway ;
And all the offspring of the olden race,
That had been mighty, now were lowly thralls,
And in their ancient heritage they toiled
For those whose forefathers had toiled for theirs.
They groaned beneath the rod of evil power,
And perished hopeless. Still a few there were,
A trusty few, that would have died the death
To win one bright free hour : but all the rest
Weres laves in soul, crouching beneath the lash.
And they who swayed throughout that land were those
Whose sires were outcasts from each horde uncouth,
Bondmen, of yore, in every land, and then
Sea-rovers, felon-spoilers, whose vile name
Outgrew the scorn of men, to be a dread
Unto the proudest thrones. Within those confines,
The temples, now, were worshipless, and fallen
Upon the plains they once so glorified.

Their broad foundations were hid deeply down ;
Their awful portals filled with clay ; all gone,
Save a few pillars that did nought uphold,
That seemed but left to show how well Decay
Had vanquished there :—but other fanes had risen,
Wherein was wrought a mockery. Murder's imps
Sate on the judgement-seats. There all the base
Were armed with evil might, and all the noble
Pined with sad memory they dared not own,
Masked with most lying smiles. Hatred and wrong
And bloodshed revelled there, from day to day,
While men looked cheerily, and cursed each other.

Death's truant would behold no more. Again
He fled to the couch of the cold dark,
And, shrinking from the day, slept the deep sleep.

Thus, in a waking vision, I've essayed,
Faintly, to shadow forth thy fearful semblance,
O, hoary victor ! but could some call up
Long-buried hopes from the heart's sepulchre,
Long-baffled zeal, long-faded memories,
The sunken treasures of the deep of time,
They should behold a ruin such as none
Can e'er record. There is no secret deep,

No dumb disastrous mystery of fate,
So hidden from us as our former selves.
We lose a part of being, day by day,
And every breath is less the breath of life
Than its forerunner, still estranging us
From out our first creation. Far o'er life
The broad and blinding shadow of the tomb
Sinks through our souls, still gathering deeper night,
And thus, by strong forgetfulness, we live.

What, then, are those fair hopes that, in their birth,
Look like immortals, heaven-ascending things?
They are as flowers of Ind, that cannot bide
The keen air of our ruthless clime, but die
With ne'er-unfolded beauty,—having their home
And heritage so near the sun's high throne,
Being nurst by the soft kisses of each breeze
That wantons through the East. We will endure.

WIZARD-SONG ;

FROM AN UNFINISHED DRAMATIC POEM.

By the shore of the sea, the wild shore of the sea,
'Tis there, 'tis there, I love to be,
When the storm hath past, with a harrowing blast,
O'er the billowy wilderness dark and vast ;
When the sea-sepulchres disgorge
Their new dead to the foaming surge,
That flings its prey unto the land,
And smooths their biers on the trackless sand ;
When the dismal wreck floats to the shore
Whereon its crew shall tread no more,
And the mighty ocean heaves, as though
'Twere tired with the long long work of woe ;
When the low winds breathe the knell of the drowned,
With a most bewailing sound,—

There let my gloomy pastime be,
As one that fears not storm or sea.

When new-made widows,—maids bereft
Of Youth's fond dream,—and orphans left
Homeless on earth, and childless Eld,
Have, on the dreary beach, beheld
The ghastly change that death has wrought
On each pale corse they tottering sought ;
Or searched, through many an hour, in vain,
For the vanished that none shall see again,—
Shuddering at the sun that seems
To mock them, with returning beams,
And at the seas, now waveless grown,
When all the grievous scathe is done,—
Then let me roam beside the deep,
With watchful eyes that will not weep ;
Then let me human grief behold ;
But not as one of mortal mould.

SONNET I.

ON SUNRISE.

HAIL to thy dazzling presence! How the wide
High heaven seems too strait for thee, O Sun!
Thy unveiled beauty every eye must shun!
Armed, as with blinding levin, in thy pride,
Thou art alone; 'tis thine, alone, to hide
All radiance with thy blaze, far-beaming one!
Such as thou art to-day, so hast thou shone
Through all the past, and changeless dost abide.
And shall the might of thy great shining fail?
Art thou not everlasting? Can it be
That thou wast born with Time, and shalt wax pale,
And perish with him? Is it thy brief doom,
Ere the great dawning of eternity,
To sink as ashes through the boundless gloom?

SONNET II.

ON SUNSET.

OfT have I sat upon a lone hill side,
In a clear evening of all-wakeful rest,
To view the sun betake him to the west,
Whose clouds he thrilled with light from side to
side:
And fancy, in their many shapes, descried
Mounts, plains, and vales, and floods the loveliest;
As 'twere a world of Edens ever-blest,
The goal of all bright days, where joys abide,
And mock not.—When this soul-uplifting dream
Past from me, its starry traces, on my mind,
Made the near twilight doubly darker seem.
Thus, when the muse hath raised us from this blind
And clouded world, into a cloudless beam,
How night-like seem the thoughts of human kind!

SONNET III.

ON MOONRISE.

BEACON of memory ! Thou that, wanly bright,
 Arisest o'er yon summits, and dost wed
 The soul to peace, with charm of gentle might,
 Calm, holy, hallowing, awful, yet, not dread ;
On the pure young thou beamest such delight
 As doubles even their bliss ; the hoariest head
 Grows wiser, gazing on thy wondrous light
 That o'er the bosom-dearth like dew is shed !
As reflux from some fair primal scene
 Of being, oft, with fascinated eye,
 I seek thy radiance which still seems to tell
That once my feet had on thy mountains been,
 In climes Arcadian,—that from thee I fell,
 Exiled to earth, and drear mortality.

SONNET IV.

ON STARLIGHT.

MILLIONS of worlds ! Creation's curbless race !
Millions of worlds, innumerably spread,
Throughout the all-immeasurable space !
This is a thought too wondrous, vast, and dread,
Even for the angels. The Unlimited,
The Eternal Mind, alone, can e'er embrace
Height, depth, breadth, matter, form, duration,
spread
Endless, where the created may not trace.
It is no marvel that the minds of men
Should, in those nightly miracles, descry
Mysterious power, and deem it destiny :
Those are the shore-lights of eternity ;
And whoso giveth heed to them, shall, then,
Read deep in fate beyond the magian's ken.

SONNET V.

H O P E .

HOPE, I know all thy falsehood ; and I know
How wholesome is the lore thy foe imparts ;
With what high wisdom, Time informs our hearts,
Unteaching thy sweet lessons : be it so.
Alas ! can sighs be all the thanks we owe
For gifts so precious ? With what Parthian darts
Doth Memory wound, when all thy wizard-arts
Fail, and the soul hath lost its credulous glow !
O thou dear traitress, 'tis in vain,—in vain,—
That of truth's freezing fount I've tasted : still,
I love thy treasons and betraying smile.
Though in thy cup, for me, but dregs remain,
Withhold not the all-vital charm, until
These locks are greyer. Mock me yet a while !

SONNET VI.

Who are the rich? They who have gathered gold
By any means, and wallow in such pleasure
As gold can buy? Is this the narrow measure
By which the wealth of our great world is told?
Deem ye the dullard rich, whose pampered mold
Shuts in a paltry soul, who feels the pressure
Of hoarded cares, and whose most hidden treasure
Is shining dross alone? Are such enrolled
The favoured ones? No : only in the mind
Can we be rich or poor. The living power
Of loftier thought and feeling is, alone,
Worthy the name of wealth : in these we find
All that adds worth to life ; and thus each one
That hath those gifts may smile, though Fortune
lower.

SONNET VII.

ON SHAKESPEARE.

O BARD, I have been with thee in thy home,
The wide world of enchantment, the bright star
Which thou hast peopled ! Wafted high and far,
I've heard thy spells, and seen all wonders come,
Fast, at thy mighty bidding. O'er the foam
Of wild seas, in the whirlwind's deafening jar,
I've tracked thy wizard-flight, and burst the bar
Of ages, through the past with thee to roam.
All the rich spoils of time, all legends old
Were as a birth-right to thee. Thou alone
With more than life each passing shade couldst fill.
Thus bidden to thy feast, I would unfold
All my large thanks, oh, ever-matchless one !
Had earth a language for my eager will.

SONNET VIII.

ON DANTE.

It was his lot to bend, with humble brow,
Before the sordid throng ;—to stretch his hand
For alms to strangers, driven from his land
With Freedom ; glorious in her overthrow.
Nor did he deem it shame even thus to bow ;
And only grieved that none could yet withstand
That impious crew who had infix'd the brand
On Florence,—only blushed her shame to know.
Oh, how exceeding opulent was he,
In exile, worldly want, and solitude,
While came the sacred visions to their birth !
How lordly in that slave-aborring mood !
How bondless in the thirst for liberty !
Could Dante's soul be poor, in fortune's dearth ?

SONNET IX.

THERE is a curse,—the direst of all those
Which gather o'er our life;—it is to bear
All that should grieve us, without grief; to wear
A heartless calm, a loathsome peace, when woes
Are dealt unto us largely; vile repose
Usurping the blank soul: while Hope and Fear
Alike forsake us, and the natural tear
No longer from the heart, like life-blood, flows.
This only do I dread: from this alone,
O Fate, defend me! though it be my doom,
To writhe, ere long, beneath a scourge of steel,
Shield me from horror's worst—the heart of stone!
Whate'er the ills that are as yet to come,
Grant me the power their keenest edge to feel!

SONNET X.

I stood within that chamber, where, amid
Death's sable pageantry, was Byron's bier.
No mourner sate thereby ; nor friend was near ;
Nor spouse, nor offspring thither came to bid
The long farewell. Beneath the coffin-lid
He was shut down till doomsday.—How the drear
And voiceless scene spoke eloquently clear
While the deep soul saw all that there was hid !
I could have gazed upon the reddest field
That ever stained the earth or dared the heaven,
Nor felt the icy shadow, the still power
Of dumb corruption that doth hourly wield
All mortal means against us, victims given,—
Nor Death's whole presence felt, as in that hour !

SONNET XI.

ON THE PORTRAIT OF CATHERINE DE BRENTES, THE FIRST
WIFE OF RUBENS.

FAIR Catharine ! thou wast the goodliest flower
Of all the lilied spring, the purest bloom
In Love's rich heritage ! but the baleful Power
Of this chill clime, spreading his wings of gloom,
Nipped thee, ere summer came ; and in thy doom
Died many hopes. Alas ! that heaven should lower
O'er such too-tender beauty,—that the tomb
Should so bereave the happy nuptial bower !
Thou wast a painter's love. From that young form
And gentle aspect—(inspiration dear !)
He pictured angels, and enjoyed a heaven.
Well-nigh to death he bowed beneath the storm
That withered thee :—yet, in an after year,
Unto another mate his vows were given !

SONNET XII.

ON THE PORTRAIT OF HELENA FORMAN, THE SECOND WIFE
OF RUBENS.

THIS was a Helen of a latter day,
And of a cloudier clime than the bright dame
Of Menelaus darkened : but that name
Was worthily bestowed, the sooth to say,
On this rare creature. Oh ! there was a ray,
Within those eyes that might have lit the flame
Of love and war, as sadly known to fame
As those which brought old Ilion down, for aye !
She was the other love, (ah ! happy lot !)
Of him who did so mourn yon charming Kate.
Much did I marvel, famous man of art,
How thou couldst yield again thy widowed heart
To passion : but, if such thy second mate,
I marvel not ;—in faith I marvel not.

SONNET XIII.

SCRITTO NELL' IMITAZIONE DEL PETRARCA E PER ESPRIMERE
I SENTIMENTI SUOI.

BEN lunga servitute ho provata io,
Nelle catene del tiranno Amore ;
Che 'l suo regno è un Egitto, ed egli ha il cuore,
Via più di Faraone, duro e rio.
D'anno in anno, tutto il lavoro mio
Speso ho per questo crudel' esattore,
Senza coglierne mai frutto nè fiore :
Così 'n me signoreggia il van disio.
Pur credo omai che, per poter scampare
Dell' empio impero, il cammin mi fia aperto,
Come al popol Ebreo fù già concesso :
Ma vuoto m'apparecchia a viaggiare,
Anzi spogliato ad errar, nel deserto ;
Nè spero di veder suolo promesso.

SONNET XIV.

TO LOUIS PHILIPPE.

BESOTTED traitor, art thou still untaught,
Thou that hast seen the great leviathan
Of popular power awake, when it began
First to put forth its terrible strength, and wrought,
Boundless and curbless, till it swept to nought
Such pigmies as thyself? Still dost thou plan
To goad the mighty creature? **Hath** the ban
Of nations still no terror to thy thought?
Now, **while** thou maddenest on, with daring bold,
Holy to keep oppression's festival,
Like Babel's impious king, who sate, of old,
Vaunting his gods,—within thy banquet-hall
Affright shall rack thee quickly. Turn: behold:
There is a Hand that writeth on the wall.

THE GRIEFLESS.

THOUGH falsehood be an inmate of thy heart,
For once, thou hast forgot the liar's art ;—
Art did I call it ?—such it well may be
To others, but 'tis natural to thee,
And only in those moments rare, when Truth
Wonders to find an echo in thy mouth,
Art aids thy labour, and with effort high,
Enables thee to curb the native lie :
The native lie, back to thy bosom's core,
Returns, and leaguings with a thousand more,
Too potent for restraint, they utterance gain,
And falsehood re-asserts her abject reign.
But veriest facts, heard from such lips as thine,
Seem but the dross of Fiction's foulest mine,

So lamely dost thou dare the unwonted task,
Such large credulity thy speeches ask !

Yes, I can well believe that thou couldst view,
With eyes unmoistened by the tender dew
Of Nature, scenes that all the tears should claim
Of those who bear a husband's—father's name.
A widower twice—the funerals of thy mates
Pained not thy gaze ; nor could the ruthless Fates
Which gave thy first-born to an early tomb,
Make thee acquainted with the mourner's gloom ;
And thou couldst witness, with a calm as base,
The same dark portal close o'er all thy race,
Conscious that not a moment's transient woe
Can seem to mourn when thou art couched below :
Not he, the touch of whose heaven-gifted wand
Could fountains from the desert-rock command,
Not Israel's chief owned such high potency
As to evoke unreal things to be,
And work a weeping miracle in thee !
Thus, with foul boast, it still is thine to say
Thy life hath past without one troubled day ;
Thus hath thy folly, with unmeasured stride
Somewhat outgone the vileness it would hide,

And blabbed self-satire, that each tongue confirms,
More amply keen, though couched in such brief terms,
Than if all they who scorn thee had combined
To paint at fullest length thy murky mind.
But as the surgeon's knife inflicts no pain
Where gangrene is, so shalt thou still retain
Thy loathsome quiet ; armed in proof, secure
In mental rottenness, thou mayest endure
The edge of truth, and thus mankind convince
That all their justice cannot make thee wince.
Then hither turn, O rare and signal wretch !
Gaze on the hideous outlines of this sketch,
And, wondering at the mitigated traits, ,
Half thank the painter for his neutral praise,
While I rejoice that it transcends my art
To shadow forth thy Pharaonic heart.
Who shall achieve what weakly I've essayed,—
Bronze all the lights, and blacken every shade,
Unmask each semblance of humanity,
Till all the pictured horror teems with thee ?
Here let some demon Raphael now display
His sombre talent : for such only may
Feel with congenial mind, what they pourtray ?
And stamp an image, true in every line,
Not unto human nature, but to thine.

TO URSUS MAJOR.

Surgit amari aliquid

LUCRETIVS.

Ursus, 'tis true that thou hast gulped a deal
Of Greek and Latin, as thy hearers feel ;
For biggest words dost thou of sense bereave,
And many a hacknied phrase canst interweave
In thy discourse, without Minerva's leave ;
While the wrong judgements that grave dunces give
The empty echoes of thy brain revive.
'Tis true that, sorely in thy youth constrained
By Alma Mater, thou hast learning gained,
And traced the streams of Pindus to their source—
So far up as required the College course :

But ah, the streams of Pindus were to thee
No living waters that flow ever free,
But a scant pool that is to the dull crew
As unto herbless rocks the quickening dew,
Which makes, perchance, the mossy surface green,
Where lurks the flinty barrenness unseen.
Cease then to ape the critic's dire control ;
Who judges intellects must have a soul ;
And lexicons, alas, can ne'er bestow
More than mere words upon the toiler slow,
Nor make him feel what he's compelled to know.
Thus I unstilt thee, Ursus, with light touch :
But oh, the poor effrontery of such,
To deem that, when their money-bags they've weighed,
A welcome meets them in the Muse's shade !
As soon may some vile mud-bird track the flight
Of eagles through the hidden fields of light,
As thou, or such as thou art, scan the power
Of even the loiterers in that tuneful bower.
Ursus, thou mockest at poets, and, I find,
Art, in thy turn, the jest of all mankind,—
I mean of all the few who chance to know
That such a thing as thou art crawls below.
If ought worth having could proceed from thee,
How welcome were thy wretched scoffs to me !

But, in the scale of being, thou'rt so small,
So near to nothingness, that none can fall
Down to thy muddy level ; none can fear
That even applause, from thee, might seem severe.
Not the most mote-like insect, on the wing,
Can fear that thy dwarf malice has a sting :
Why, then, should I feel flattered, if it pays,
Seeking to wound, its mite to my poor praise ?
Lower than lowliest reptiles do I deem
All that are liable to thy esteem.
At thee, thou sorry creature, and the trust
Thou hast in thy poor lore,—as heaven is just,
I cannot smile, so cold is my disgust ;
But others, moved to very laughter, may
View thee, as pleased as with an ape at play.
On then !—thy tiny gambols still pursue ;
Amaze the many—and amuse the few.

SONETTO XV.

Tarlo insensato che, sì arditamente,
Vai svolazzando intorno a questo lume,
Tutto abbagliato, alla morte lucente
Perchè t'affretti? Oimè così consume
L'uom vano i giorni e adora simil nume.
Con cieca voglia e falsa speme ardente,
Nello splendor si lancia che'l consume,
Come se fosse anch'ei privo di mente.
Nelle valli deserte i più be' fiori
Crescon ; e all' ombra de boschetti oscuri,
Spiran le aure soavi, e i grati odori.
Non vorrei mai tentar gli alpestri orrori ;
Ma ch'io mi mena i dì sempre securi,
Sprezzando la Fortuna e gli alti onori.

SONNET XVI.

THE THREE GIFTS.

When I was born, there was a gentle Fay
Flitting through air, and, as she gaily past,
She read the stars wherein my doom was cast,
For lack of blither pastime on her way.
She saw that mine should be a darkling day,
Sacred to evil Fortune, first and last ;
That my frail bark should drift before the blast,
Tracked by some sateless imp that gapes for prey.
O'er my first cradle-dream she breathed a spell :
" Three gifts I give thee, luckless one," she said ;
" Three treasures of true worth shall with thee dwell :
" With all a poet's joy thy heart shall swell,
" With music and the painter's blisses wed."
Good Fay, thou hast enriched me, passing well !

TO VARIA.

Miseri quibus
Intentata nites.

HORACE.

Still somewhat fair thou seemest to me :
But oh ! how much I pity thee
For wanting such a beauty rare
 As once I fondly deemed was thine,
 When, drunk with Fancy's potent wine,
I thought thy heart and soul were fair.

I thought thee true : I think so still ;
Unchangeable, through good or ill,
To one sole object, loved the best,—
 Quite ultra-loyal,—warmly true—
To self, and its dear interest :
 A greater praise seemed once thy due.

I hold thee dear ; though not, in sooth,
As when, in undiscerning youth,
I placed thy hollow image here,
 In a warm niche ; but now I hold
 That he who shall thy charms enfold
Will find his bargain rather dear.

Good, also, possibly thou art :
But, if the truth I must impart,
Thy goodness doth not seem arrayed,
 At present in a spotless clothing.
Alas, I fear, delightful maid,
 That thou art rather good-for-nothing !

Thus fair, and true, and dear, and good,
Are terms with doubtful worth endued :
Like Janus, each can look two ways ;
 Can smile on this, on that can frown.
 Thus, till thy double face is shown,
Thy cheated lovers waste their days.

And thus the mind's bright power doth make
The idol Time shall kindly break ;
And Love will learn, and blush to know,
 The image it had so enshrined
Was but a thing of clay, and bow
 No more, with such devotion blind.

SONG I.

I.

Oh, how I dreamed of love,
When youth was all before me ;
Ere the fearful thought came o'er me
Of all this heart should prove !
When young Beauty beamed upon me
New blisses from above,
And the spells of Hope were on me,
Oh, how I dreamed of love !

II.

And now, though withering years
Have blanched my cheek and tresses ;
Though a change no tongue expresses
Hath slain my hopes and fears ;
Though this goodly earth is ever
But as haunted ground to me,
Yet, sweet love, nought can sever
My life, my soul from thee !

III.

For love's sweet sake I've scorned
The gauds that lure the many ;
And that falsest bliss of any,
The fame that's quickly mourned.
Nor thought I of bestowing
My true treasure gold to make,
When the cloudless suns were glowing,
I but lived for love's sweet sake !

SONG II.

I.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here ;
My heart's in the Highlands, a chasing the deer,
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.
And never till up on the mountains I speed,
Shall my heart have its hope, or my toil win its meed ;
And never till on the bright lochs I shall gaze,
Can I feel that whole Heaven shining down on my days.

II.

Oh, the plains of the Saxon are prisons to me ;
Like a dream of the sick is their feast and their glee ;
But when up on the hills in the freshness of morn,
I'll laugh out, as I think of their joyance with scorn.
When my tartans flap free in the strong Highland breeze,
And before me the game to its far covert flees,
While my dogs follow fast in the wilds of delight,
Oh, then I'm a king in the flush of my might !

III.

What a fair gentle maid in Glencarra doth dwell,
How her sweet words are music all grief to expel !
Should a Queen from the South offer sceptres to me,
Not an hour could she win me, bright maiden, from thee.
Though the Queen of the Saxons should come from her
throne,
For a true-love to seek, and choose me for her own,
I'd away to the Highlands, and say to my dear,
“ My heart's in the Highlands, my true-love is here.”

SONG III.

EYES *versus* EYES.

ALTERED FROM THE FRENCH, AND SENT TO A YOUNG LADY
WHOSE EYES WERE HAZEL.

I.

Those wild Black eyes so sparkling bright,
Those dear Blue eyes that softly strike,
In their disputes, both day and night,
Sought to possess our souls, alike.
Each claimed the glory and applause,
And *pro* and *con* they brightly strove :
At length this most important Cause
Has been decided by King Love.

II.

His majesty's no Solomon,
Yet sometimes knows a thing or two ;
The lawyers came in armies on,
To plead for Black eyes or for Blue.
For witnesses, each Kiss of flame ;
And for defenders, countless Sighs ;
For proof, Hope, Fear, and Torment came ;
Desires took notes for all the Eyes.

III.

King Cupid, thus, the quarrel ends,
By a decision sage and true :
" Black Eyes are beautiful, my friends,
" And beautiful are Eyes of Blue.
" These last show more of tenderness ;
" The former, most vivacity ;
" Black Eyes a roguish wit express ;
" In Blue ones constant truth we see.

IV.

- “ Black Eyes are subject to caprice ;
“ On such 'tis perilous to gaze :
“ Blue Eyes have much less artifice,
“ And are less wicked in their ways.
“ In Black Eyes I my lightning place—
“ My sweetest languor in the Blue ;—
“ In short, they both have wondrous grace,—
“ But Hazel beats them—black and blue !”

SONG IV.

WRITTEN FOR AN ENGLISH LADY, WHO HAD ASKED THE AUTHOR
TO WRITE A SONG FOR HER.

I.

O beautiful daughters of England,
Wherever a truant may rove,
From the shores of the shivering Finland
To the Orient regions of love,
Though in search of young Beauty's bright treasure
He voyages, travels, and tours,
He'll never know rapturous pleasure
Till pressing those dear lips of yours.

II.

The charming Parisian ladies
May win us, perchance, for an hour ;
At Rome, at Madrid, and at Cadiz,
We bow to sweet woman's power :
But we never bow half so lowly,
Nor ever sigh half so long,
As when angels of Albion, slowly,
Subdue us with passion strong.

III.

The delicate damsels of Pekin
May all look uncommonly smart,
Where each mandarin gravely is shaking
His head at Love's terrible dart.
They may kick the Celestials before 'em,
With fairest and fairiest feet,
But ye triumph quite easily o'er em,
In symmetry fully complete.

IV.

Let Georgia, let Greece, and Circassia
Send forth their most marvellous fair ;
In vain will they hope to surpass you ;
With you they can never compare.
They think they can sadly molest us,
And ruin our peace in hot haste ;
But Venus declares that her cestus
Fits none but an English waist.

V.

Oh, were I a great sultan uxorious,
With fifteen good hundreds of wives,
I'd sail on a cruise the most glorious,
And squander whole legions of lives,
To augment my imperfect collection
With houris from Albion's shore ;
Then I'd share my capacious affection,
With fifteen fair thousands more.

THE WAR-SONG OF THE POLES.

The Muscovite ! his standard waves
Above our soil,—his godless slaves
Gather from far,
Then, welcome war,
Its triumphs, or its graves !

Welcome the din of the mustering camp,
And charging squadrons' thundering tramp,
And the lightning-rays
Of the combat's blaze,
That blood alone shall damp !

If Earth has a moment of ecstasy,
'Tis when we press to the van of the free ;
 When we mock Death's power,
 In its direst hour,
With the host of Liberty.

Now hark ! her gathering-trump is blown,
All-wakeful as the archangel's own.
 'Tis the very breath
 Of life and wrath
That calls us. Freemen, on !

The despot's trusted bulwarks all,
Before our ruining voice, shall fall,
 As the towers were rent,
 When Israel sent
His shout through the leaguered wall.

The peopled dungeons, where we tread,
Shall yawn, and yield their living dead ;
 And the dragon-den
 Of murder, then,
Shall reek with vengeance, red.

By every stainless patriot's name,
By every scene of hallowed fame,
We hail the strife !
War to the knife,
But never bonds or shame !

May we resign our latest breath
Where glory lights the way to death !
May we fall with the brave,
And sleep in their grave,
In the tombless turf beneath !

And may our awful passing-knell
Ring in the conflict's loudest swell,
In the stunning shout
Of onset and rout,
And the cannon's mortal peal !

When a thousand battle-yells reply
To the weapon-clash, rejoicingly,
And the name of our land
Nerves every hand,
And every heart beats high.

May the last glance of our failing sight
Behold the victory of the right,
And the last sound we hear
Be the conquering cheer
Of its champions, in their might.

And let those glorious ones appear
The only mourners o'er our bier ;
Our names be known
With theirs, alone,
Through every future year.

A WINTER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

Jours charmans, quand je songe à vos heureux instans,
Je pense remonter le fleuve de mes ans,
Et mon cœur enchanté, sur sa rive fleurie,
Respire encor l'air pur du matin de la vie.—*Les Fêtes.*

Ah me, I dreamed a sweet dream, yesternight,
Which filled my sleep with a remembered light,
And did unburden me of grievous years,
Restoring all my ravaged opulence
Of tender thought, quick smiles, and pangless tears,
Until I felt, in every buoyant sense,
A backward wafting to a blissful shore,—
A resurrection into life, once more !

Meseemed it was a morn o' the golden time,
A shining wakefulness, a joyous prime,

Such as can dawn upon the youthful only,
And is all hidden from their eyes bedazed
Who have too long upon this desert gazed.
Methought I walked forth, in my gladness lonely,
O'er breezy uplands, and o'er ridges high,
Which showed a broad green banquet to the eye,
A prosperous region, in a favoured clime,
Where flowed a noiseless river, far away,
By wooded hills, and plenteous meads that lay
Robed all in brightness, such as shone whilere.
Oh, how I sped upon my pleasant way,
Up hill and down, with footing swift and light
As lover's dances on a festal night !
Oh, what a balmy life was in the air !
Not gladlier soars the eagle into day,
Ere sunrise brightens on the loftiest mountains,
Not blither glide the fishes in their fountains
Than I, in that sweet trance made wondrous speed,
As if from every grief for ever freed.

Thus wandering many a mile unwearily,
Where pure delights and truant fancies lead,
Treading on sunshine, all that early morn,
I reached, ere long, a pleasant dale whereon,
From the far uplands, I had gazed in glee,

Till every buried joy again was born,
And every withered flower of summers gone
Sent back its sweetness and its bloom to me :
I was a treasure-finder, and I won
Back a rich spoil from Time. Beneath that sun,
There saw I flocks at pasture, many a one,
Streamlets, and groves, and many a bloomy thorn ;
And, through an ancient gate of mossy stone,
I passed into a park, a goodly place,
With trees full great and old. Within their boughs,
How many a warbler reared its tiny race,
How many sweet throats, as I passed along,
Made offering to the morn with bounteous song !
But there the rooks held louder sovereignty,
Making a lulling noise that, to mine ear,
Made peace more stilly, solitude more dear.
A gray old tower, upon a hill hard by,
Stood like a haunted thing, in a green shroud
Of ivy ; and the wallflower peeped on high
Where, in far days, had waved a banner proud ;
And from the battlements where bows had twanged,
From whence the wakeful horn had sent its tone,
The flitting crows gave note that man was parted
Hundreds of years ; and, where his steel had clanged,
Silence spoke deeper things than if, aloud,

The voices of the dead had burst away
From all the graves of earth, from all the clay
Which lived to that which lives. I gazed, mute-hearted,
On that most lonely wreck, and seemed to pry
Into dim secrets of lost memory,
Guessing at grievous things that are untold ;
And when to the ribbed casements of thick stone
I raised my glance, I thought of beauteous eyes
That thence had looked on death. Thus, in sad guise,
I mused, nor knew wherefore that ruin hoary
Should move me so with its departed glory,
If 'twere not that, while earth still gaily shone,
Its lords, its captives all, were long years dead and gone.
Soon, from beneath the high-arched canopy
Of leafy branches, wending onward, yet,
I saw the dwelling stead, a fair old house,
Built, as it seemed, ere gaudy pomp was known,
A place where kindly hearts might love to be,
Where upstart pride had no acquaintance met
With seemly courtesy.—There might you see,
Over the massy door a shield of arms,
Cut rudely in gray stone, two foxes showed
In saltier saliant ; mullets three, in chief ;
The crest, a hand grasping a weapon good ;
And, underneath, I read, with glances brief :

Serbitus Omnis Miseria, on a scroll,
With the faint date of a long vanished year :
And as I gazed thereon, did then appear,
As 'twere upraised in presence of my soul,
A dream within a dream, men fierce and high,
The forms of those who bore that shield in war,
In the dread days, whose ancient battle-cry
Was still "The Fox!"—But now I passed within,
And found glad welcome from my goodly kin.
There was an aged lady at that board,
With a heart-smile that had been clouded never,
Gay in her eld, a lingerer with joy.
Of many a kind word hers were kindest ever,
And pleasing most to little maid or boy.
Methought she spoke of those whom to remember
Was to be happy ; and, around the wall,
I saw them smiling from the church-yard still,
In youth's transcendant May, or age's bright December.
Some goodly hounds waited their master's will,
Crouched at his feet, and yearning for his call ;
For he was one who like his sires gave chase
Unto delight, through field and flood, nor knew
The tawdry vanities of Fashion's crew,
Nor aped the apings of her puny race.

Old followers, too, I saw, that came in youth
To serve that pair, and had grown friends, in sooth,
With servitude, so little was their toil,
And wrought with such a cheerful zeal the while.
Upon a window-pane, with diamond traced,
Was seen a fox-hunt storied by the hand
Of him who was the hero of that band,
And more it pleased me for his sake than aught
That Pynacker or Sneyders could have wrought.
When our repast was done, I rambled forth
In my long dream, and, as it seemed, drew near
To a small stream that scarcely veined the earth,
But I would not be stayed, and o'er its course
Prepared to bound, and follow my career.
'Twas a small feat, nor asked much art or force :
Steps one, two, three, and then a spring—Alas !
That running water has dissolved the spell !
With a wild start I shake my couch, and pass
Away for ever from that morn, and fell
Into the night. 'Twas winter, and the clouds
Wept their big tears against my window-frame ;
While the great winds were combating on high
And o'er the earth and sea their terrors cast.
The stars were hidden ; one wide gloom enshrouds,
One horror fills the regions of the sky.

Ah, then I knew the world's dire face again !
And, as a captive that has broke his chain,
And flees with stealthy speed, full surely deeming
Even the last perilous moment well nigh past,
Till on the very verge of freedom's seeming,
Strong hands are on him, and to straiter bonds,
A durance with more hopeless anguish fraught,
Drag him again,—thus felt I newly bound,
And from the very light methinks I wound
Within a labyrinth of grievous thought,
Exiled unto the chill and dreary stronds
That own the petty tyranny of care,
To linger through these years so hard to bear.
Thus, while in the dim depths of sleep I lay,
My soul had basked in wondrous inward day,
And from my boyhood was caught back a dawn,
One of those fleeted morns wherein, ere now,
Like to a winged creature I had drawn
Breath, taintless still from Heaven ; and in the dark
Meseemed I was a playmate of the lark,
And that his early voice, so far on high,
Was but an echo from my heart below.
Thus was I then despoiled of my brief joy ;
And well I wot it was a deep unbliss
To wake from such a dream, in such a world as this.

THE TALE,
OR
END OF TROY DIVINE.

WITH SIDE-NOTES BY THE PRINTER'S DEVIL.

O Muse, I wish to be amusing,
An aeronaut in Fancy's regions,
So aid me, Goddess, when I do sing
Of all that fell out at a siege once,— (*quarrelled ?*)

Just help me to a wing—no more,—
My sale will prove me a good sailor
And though too sore afraid I'll soar :
A goose's pinion helps a taler. (*tailor ?*)

Dame Helen was a naughty dame
Who caused in one young spark a flame
That burned a city down,—
Which cost the people for the same
A sovereign,—while his losses came,
(King Priam's) to a crown. (5s.?)

Though low men ne'er won her applause,
She soon escaped from Hymen's claws, (*high men's?*)
Like other noted *fraus*
A lawless dame was she—because
She loved not Men-e-laus. (*many laws?*)

And when, according to the song,
She left her husband quite,
He said, because she had done wrong,
That she did never right! (*write?*)

In fact she neither wrote nor sent,
But, like a lady gay,
When voyaging for Troy she went,
Took Paris on her way.

Duke Paris was an archer rare,
An arch duke was he too;

And so, said he to Helen fair ;
“ Your husband must the willow wear,
“ While I’m content with you.” *(yew ?)*

Said she : “ You are my bowman bold,
“ And, eke, my only beau.”
He made a bow, and her he told
She was his great Bow Belle that tolled *(told ?)*
Him to rejoice below !

Her husband’s curses followed her,
And scarcely could he dine ;
But having wrapped himself in fur, *(fir ?)*
Why then he took—to pine !

And of the pine he made a mast,
And rigged a vessel tall.
Said he, “ Ill take a trip, at last,
“ Though I may chance to fall !”

This wrathful king, when he was seen
Upon the Trojan shore,
Looked like a lion, though his queen
Declared he was a bore ! *(boar ?)*

And so the folks in Troy, one night,
Were troubled with the night-mare.

Had Priam known their doings then,
He had deemed it quite a sin
That his men should, like Yorkshire men,
In horse-dealing so shrewd of ken,
Take other people in.

The Princess Cass, a doleful lass,
Put in her word, of course,
And said great woe would come to pass,
Unless they broke the horse.

With an horse-laugh they answered, straight,
And fell to drink and gobble.
Said she, "You'll find, when 'tis too late
"At night, your hobby, warriors great,
"Will put you in a hobble."

Again they laughed, again they quaffed,
Again they played at draughts,
Strong draughts of ale that made them ail,
Like those who half seas over sail
Upon the craziest crafts.

Soon each intestine warrior draws,
 To wage intestine war.
And deadly jars were caused, because
 The gate was left a-jar !

Said they, " We've Bacchus here to back us,
 " And Mars shall mar our foes ;
" Favoured by Nox, with sturdy knocks
 " We'll fracture—their repose."

Thus when the crafty Greeks, *en masse*,
 Into fair Ilion came,
They burned it to the ground, alas !
 Which was a burning shame.

There was wild uproar and turmoil,
 Much rage and little pity.
Stakes were pulled up to aid the broil, (*steaks ?*)
And the hot victors bagged the spoil,
 Just when they sacked the city !

They boarded all the boarding schools ;
But the boards were broke, and 'gainst the rules,
 Broken was every bar-gate ;
The Board of Works were worked like mules ;

The Board of Ordnance, hapless souls,
Were fired at like a target !

King Priam's man, at dead of night,
The royal curtains drew ;
And would have said, in mortal fright,
That half the town was burning bright,—
But this he could not do.

The king awaking, straight roared out :
“ 'Sblood ! is the town on fire ? ”
His valet answered, in about
Ten minutes, when he grew more stout,
“ Yes—s—s—s—s, sire ! ”

The Lord in Waiting would not wait,
To hear one sentence more.
Full twenty stone he weighed, (Troy weight)
And, as he waddled to the gate,
A heavy heart he bore.
One stone on t'other, at that rate,
They would not leave, he swore.

The royal household was broke up ;
And some of them broke down,

As they with broken heads did troop,
To get away from town.

The Master of the Horse took horse,
And set off at full speed ;
To the high road he took, of course,
Which was quite low, indeed.

The steward was half stewed, before
He'd leave his situation ;
The gardener, from his hot house-door,
Saw an end of vegetation.

The cook, less swift than any hound,
Though well used to stand fire,
Fled from the broil, just nicely browned,
Ireful to lose his hire.

The scullions knocked their skulls against
The scullery, in their fear ;
The boot-boy, when the scrape commenced,
Brushed off, just like a dear. *(deer ?)*

You'd swear 'twas Warren's blacking-bard,
So sable was his hue,

He plied his feet so wondrous hard,
(All alexandrines) through the yard,
And to the jettée flew !

The watchmen, as they bawled, " Past one
" O'clock !" had cause to rue,
For they could not run from sword or gun,
And found themselves past, too ! *(past two ?)*

The bells all rung the loud alarm ;
The belles all wrung their hands ;
The bows twanged loud, and did much harm ;
The beaux ran off in bands.

With tears in their eyes, and tears in their coats,
Many citizens took to flight :
But that horned herd were not scape-goats,
And were pounded all that night.

So fast the dreadful pillage sped,
Anchises could not keep his bed,—
Away with it the robbers run :
But he laid a bet, at monstrous odds,
That he'd escape with all his gods ;—
Eneas backed him—so he won.

Troy's veteran battalion hoary,
Men famed, and fat as sturgeons,
Were all cut up, with all their glory,
By some veterinary surgeons.

Wrath walked in blood, up to the shoe-tie ;
Some sought for booty, some for beauty ;
Some to the shambles steer,
And charged the butchers, there on duty,
For charging rather dear.

The insurance-companies were broke,
(Their profits turning all to smoke,)
So were the doors and windows,
Folks bawled out " Fire !"—and then were shot ;
All thought the engagement rather hot,
For they were scorched like Hindoos.

The stock-jobbers took off their stocks,
To hang themselves, and 'scape the knocks,
As several other men did ;
But they were caught, despite their locks,
And stockingless set in the stocks,—
'Twas trade that was suspended.

The clergy, with their wives and nieces,
Were all stripped of their gowns,
And were deprived of their broad pieces,
Aye, and their little ones.

That horse could ne'er have caused such ruin,
Behaving worse than any Bruin,
If we believe the bards,
But that the regulars of Troy
Irregularly did enjoy
A snore at the Horse Guards.

Such was the end of that fair town
Which Gods had raised of yore,
For now the captors razed it down,
Much plainer than before.

Good folk, by this example rare,
You all have plainly seen
What troubles a poor king must bear,
That's married to a quean ! *(queen ?)*

JUPPITER AND LEDA.

O Jove, when to the charming Mrs. Tyndar
You made advances which she would not hinder,
Hot from the wave, an amatory squib,
Your form amphibious was but a d—d fib,
And your fair plummy coat a fowl deceit.
But what was most amazing in this feat
Is the strange fact that Tyndarella should
Take fire, at once, while dripping from the flood,
And burn for such a watery spark as you !
Perhaps your web-feet caught her, as you flew ;
Perhaps she took you for a *rara avis* ;
Ah, yes,—a black swan were you with your gay phiz,
For then, when you had used the woman ill,
You hopeful bird, you offered her your bill

That never would pass current for a franc
At any bank, except a river's bank.
Just as before you played tricks with an IO,
And made your former miss cry often, "heigh ho!"
Poor Leda, she had then full little luck;
A swan she found, yet came but for a duck!
For this deception you deserve to be
Suspended—hanged twice over,—even as he
Who hath a double capability
For hanging; Inn-sign Swan who swings amain,
That noted Swan with Two Necks—in Lad-lane.

A MALEDICTION,

ON HEARING A HOG SQUEAK VIOLENTLY.

Are all the spheres untuned ! Is Chaos come ?
Oh, would that I were deaf, or thou wert dumb,
Dread pig !—this is auricular martyrdom.
Not Venus cursed the Adonicial swine
As I do ban that hardware throat of thine.
Yea, I forswear all bacon for thy sake,—
Even Westphalian hams ! then do not make
A screech that would kill Echo ten times over.
Ah, my poor tympanum can ne'er recover !
Never before was heard, by any chance,
Such deadly din, such harrowing dissonance !
I could with patience hear the Cyclops snore,—
Could list to Russian rhymes, or Etna's roar,
But thee, O hog, I vote a most confounded bore !

NOTES

TO THE

MINOR POEMS.

Note 1.—*The Crazy Maid of Venice.*

"It was, I think, in coasting an isoletta occupied by the latter, that an incident occurred which would have been susceptible of much interest from the pen which sketched the story of *Le Fevre*. As we neared the island, for the benefit of shade, (for the heat was intense,) we came close under a dreary-looking wing of the building of the lazaretto—so close, that we distinctly heard a young silvery-toned voice frequently repeating, '*Venite per me ? Venite per me, cari amici ?*' Directed by the sound, we perceived a pale face pressed against the iron bars of a sashless window, in an elevated part of the building: one hand that looked like snow in the sunshine, had forced itself through the grating, and accompanied by its impatient motion, the anxious oft-repeated question of '*Venite per me ?*' As we rowed on, the voice lost its cheeriness, its tones seemed suffocated by disappointment, and the wind that bore them died not on the waters with a more melancholy murmur than the last sobbing sound which we caught of '*Venite per me ?*'

" '*Poverina* ' said the gondolier, in a tone of compassion,— '*Poverina !*' if we passed twenty times a day, she would ask if it was for her we were coming? We inquired who the *Poverina* was! He said he did not know; she was some young maniac,—mad for love, he had heard: she had been

for many months confined in that apartment, in the wing of the lazaretto dedicated to insane patients; but in winter or summer, the plashing of the oar of a gondola was sure to bring her to the iron bars of her cell, and elicited that question, repeated in tones so various and affecting, as hope faded into disappointment—" *Venite per me?* "—LADY MORGAN'S *Italy*, vol. iii. p. 387—8.

Note 2, page 243, Sonnet XI.

" Il épousa Cathérine de Brentes, avec laquelle il vécut quatre années. Il l'aimoit extrêmement; et pour apporter quelque remède à l'affliction que sa mort lui causa, il quitta Anvers, pour quelque temps, fit un voyage en Hollande, &c.

" Rubens épousa, en seconde noces, Hélène Forman, qui étoit une véritable Hélène en beauté, et qui lui fut d'un grand secours dans les figures des femmes qu'il avoit à peindre."—DE PILES, *Abrégé de la Vie des Peintres*, p. 385.

Note 3, page 260, song II.

The first four lines of this song are a fragment of an old ballad, and are generally known by the lines which Burns added to them, in the way of restoration. It is to be regretted that his attempt was not executed with his usual felicity; and I may be allowed to hope that, if mine is a more signal failure, I shall be pardoned for wanting that success which even he has not obtained. The sweet old lines were in my heart for many years, and compelled me to write.

Note 4, page 262, Song III.

These lines are a translation, with some slight alteration in the judicial summing up, of a truly French *jeu d'esprit*, which appeared in the novel of "Almack's."

Note 5, page 276, lines 7 and 8.

The arms here described are those of an old Milesian family, whose former seat was Cloncoskeran castle, county of Waterford. That mansion and estate are still in the possession of their descendant, in the female line, Sir Richard Nugent Humble, Baronet. The ancient war-cry of that race was " *Shanagh a boo!* " that is, " *Hurrah for the Fox!* "

THE COMEDY.

THE COMEDY
OF
DANTE ALIGHIERI:

TRANSLATED

BY ODOARDO VOLPI.

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MDCCCXXXVI.

the imagery of his prototype, but likewise to convey as clear an idea of the manner of his original, especially if that manner be remarkably appropriate to the subject treated. Now there never was an author whose manner was more peculiar to himself, or more fitting for his subject than that of Dante to his own ; and I think every person of taste who is acquainted with the great poem of the Florentine, will readily acknowledge that the tertian rhyme in which it is written possesses a solemn harmony and grandeur of cadence which impart, as it were, an oracular dignity to the verse ; and that this is, of course, the best form which the poet could possibly have selected in the composition of his sacred allegory. In this respect how has his copyist acquitted himself ? He has chosen to translate the poem in question into blank verse ; thereby relinquishing the task of accurately preserving one of the principal features in the style of that work. If he has, in some parts, preserved the pure gold of that costly shrine, it will be

found that he has, in many places, defaced the imagery, in flinging away the gems which adorned it.

There is, besides, another quality in the poem of Dante which should, I think, have prevented his translator from making such a choice. It is, most truly, a Gothic poem ; in other words, it is completely characteristic of the middle age in which it was produced, when all poems of all kinds were written in rhyme, and long before the invention of blank verse in modern languages. If an Italian were to render the poetry of Chaucer or of Spenser into *versi sciolti*, I imagine that his bad taste in doing so would be very evident to his English readers ; and yet the different kinds of rhyme in which those poets have written, are much less fitly adapted to the subjects they have chosen, than is the tertian rhyme to the subject of Dante, whose poem bears the same relation to the classic remains as a Gothic cathedral has to a Grecian temple. It was, probably, the great difficulty of this intri-

cate species of rhyme which deterred Mr. Cary from endeavouring to bring the great Tuscan before us, clad in the dark but embroidered garments which he wore, rather than in a scanty and inappropriate imitation of the classic robes of antiquity ; one, in fact, not possessing the ample folds and graceful flow of the ancient, nor the rich adornments of the romantic garb. And I confess that, even after I had versified some cantos of the following translation, I was, from the same consideration, about to relinquish the task which I had undertaken, when I was urged by particular circumstances to proceed as I had commenced. In doing so, I have been really surprised to find the obstacles to my attempt disappear in a great degree.

The late Mr. Hayley paraphrased the first three cantos of the Hell ; and these are, perhaps, almost the only endurable things which he has written :—the list of proper names, however, in the fourth, fortunately frightened him, or we should probably have had a Dante *de sa façon*.

A Mr. Boyd also kindly offered to the English public a wordy paraphrase of that author, in a stanza of his own invention. There is, however, in his attempt, so heavy a preponderance of Mr. Boyd that the bard of the *Inferno* sunk with him to a depth seemingly as great as that which he had described, and was again in the company of the damned : yet I doubt whether those attempts would not be as attractive, to most readers, as the far more accurate but rhymeless version of Mr. Cary. Indeed, I understand that this latter is, by many persons, considered to be inferior to its unwieldy rival, although it has had a much larger circulation.

Thus far as to the fitness of blank verse, with regard to Dante. I now beg to say that I consider such verse as intrinsically unpleasing, except in a certain class of subjects, by no means extensive. It is truly appropriate in the great work of Milton : but we must recollect that this is written on a classical, and not a Gothic model. Still it cannot be denied that *Paradise Lost*,

wonderful as it is, has not as many readers as are attracted by poems in rhyme of infinitely less excellence. Rhyme is, in truth, an essential part of poetry, in most of the modern languages, and very rarely to be dispensed with ; some of these even reject blank verse altogether. In our own, Homer has been splendidly paraphrased by Pope, and faithfully translated by Cowper. The exquisite taste of the former directed him to write in rhyme ; the latter chose blank verse ; and, faithful as his version is, it is absolutely neglected, while the harmonious work of Pope is still the delight of every lover of poetry. Had Cowper written in rhyme, (not couplets, however,) I think he would have succeeded. I will dare to say that Mr. Stewart Rose, when he undertook to transfuse the *Furioso* into English, never thought, for a moment, of executing his task in rhymeless verse. Had he chosen such a medium, he surely could not have produced a translation of almost unequalled merit, as he has done.

Such are the considerations which convince me that Mr. Cary has, in this respect, signally failed in one great requisite of a translator; namely, taste. There are yet other serious defects which I am compelled to point out, that I may prove to my readers the fact, that no good translation of Dante has yet appeared in our language. The principal of these defects appear to be a want of accurate acquaintance with the Italian language, and a still greater want of poetical feeling in Mr. Cary which has made him fail most remarkably in rendering the best passages of the Florentine; together with a harshness in the wording of his verse, and a great inversion, and absence of natural flow in his sentences. There is also, not seldom, a looseness in his mode of translating which, I think, approaches too nearly to paraphrase. I am quite prepared to prove these charges by quotation, and shall confine my remarks to the first five cantos of the production in question, quoting with the original.

The first error which we meet is the following :—

Alhor fù la paura un poco queta
 Che nel lago del cor m'era durata,
 La notte ch' i' passai con tanta pièta.

Then was a little respite to the fear
 That in my heart's recesses deep had lain,
 All of that night so pitifully past.—

Pièta signifies a pang, but *pietà* means pity ; which I suppose made Mr. Cary give so pitiful a version of this passage. The next, however, is far worse. He intended to translate the noble simile :—

E come quei che con lena affannata
 Uscito fuor del pelago alla riva
 Si volge all' acqua perigliosa, e guata.

And as a man with difficult short breath,
 Forespent with toiling, 'scaped from sea to shore,
 Turns to the perilous wide waste, and stands
 At gaze.

Did Mr. Cary wish us to think that the poor man was asthmatic before he got into the sea ? If not, he should have collocated his words very differently. There is not in the original a word

about *difficult* or *short* breath ; nor does it describe the man as forespent with toiling ; nor say that he gazed at any wide waste. Dante says, if I mistake not :—

And as a man escaped unto the shore
From out the deep, with faint and panting breath
Turns to the perilous water, gazing sore.

I have thus ventured to quote my own attempt at translation, merely to shew how much more poetry would be found in a far more literal version than that of my predecessor. The next mistake is as follows :—

Ed una lupa che di tutte brame
Semiava carca con la sua magrezza
E molte genti fe già viver grame.

A she-wolf
Was at his heels, who in her leanness seemed
Full of all wants, and many a land hath made
Disconsolate ere now.

Dante understood his own allegory too well, to bring Avarice at the heels of Pride : neither does he describe her as *full of want* ; (perhaps Mr. Cary is a native of the sister-isle ;) nor speaks he of a *disconsolate land*. *Molte genti*

means 'many folks;' the Italian *gente* having a much more restricted meaning than the Latin *gens*. I venture to quote my own version of this passage :—

And next a she-wolf that, with cravings sore,
Seemed heavy-laden in her meagreness,
And which gave many a one to want, of yore.

The above is, I believe, better poetry than Mr. Cary's, simply because it is very nearly literal.

Soon afterwards, Mr. Cary tells us that Dante contrived to fall and step backward, at the same time. The poet himself seems to have known that people, while falling, generally lose their feet.—*e. g.*

Mentre ch' i' rovinava in basso loco.

While to the lower space, with backward step
I fell.

Again, we find these lines mistranslated. Dante says of the she-wolf Avarice :—

Ed ha natura sì malvagia e ria,
Che mai non empie la bramosa voglia,
Et dopo 'l pasto ha più fame che pria.

Molti son gli animali a cui s' ammoglia,
 E più saranno ancora, infin che 'l veltro
 Verrà, che la farà morir con doglia.
 Questi non ciberà terra nè peltro,
 Ma sapienza e amore e virtute,
 E sua nazione sarà tra Feltro e Feltro.

So bad and so accursed in her kind
 That never sated is her ravenous will,
 Still after food more craving than before.
 To many an animal, *in wedlock vile*,
 She *fastens*, and shall yet to many more,
 Until that greyhound come which shall destroy
 Her with sharp pain. He will not life sustain
 By earth or its base metals, but by love,
 Wisdom and virtue, and his land shall be
 The land 'twixt either Feltro.

The word *nazione* does not, here, mean 'land,' or nation,' but 'birth;' formed, I believe, from the adjective '*natio*,' 'native.' The ugly image introduced by the translator is not in the original. I have marked, in italics, the words which are unauthorised.

In Canto II. we have this line which, even in Mr. Cary's metre, seems singularly harsh :—

Yet clothed in corruptible flesh, among, &c.

This does not to me sound very Miltonic.

We next find the following mistranslation :—

Come falso veder bestia quand 'ombra.

recoils.....like a beast,

At some false semblance, in the twilight gloom.

Quand' ombra does not mean 'in the twilight gloom,' but 'when he starts,' or 'takes umbrage.'

The ancient poet says, characteristically, 'there is a *gentle* dame in heaven who bewails,' &c.

Donna è gentil nel ciel che si compiangè.

but his copyist says :—

In high heaven a *blessed* dame

Resides, who mourns with such effectual 'grief.

A pleasant *residence* certainly for any lady!
There is no 'effectual grief' in the text.

These lines appear to me to be rendered in a very common-place kind of style :—

Di cui la fama ancor nel mondo dura,

Et durerà, quanto 'l moto lontana.

— whose fame

Yet lives, and shall live long as nature lasts.

thus I have, perhaps, been more correct :—

Whose fame endures, on earth, and shall endure
As long as motion swayeth matter on.

Mr. Cary thinks fit to pronounce the name ‘Beatrice’ as in Italian. I should really think this name to be sufficiently known in English as that of one of the characters in a play called ‘Much Ado about Nothing :’ accordingly I have given it as English.

The next error which we meet is in these lines :—

Non odi tu la *pièta* del su’ pianto
Non vedi tu la morte che’l combatte
Su la fiumana ove ’l mar non ha vanto.

Dost thou not hear how pitiful his wail,
Nor mark the death which, in the torrent flood,
Swoln mightier than a sea, him struggling holds ?

The word *pièta* again misled the translator : and besides, Dante said : ‘Dost thou not see the death which he combats ?’ and did not say that the flood was ‘swoln mightier than a sea.’ Shortly afterwards Mr. Cary uses the word

'voyage' to denote a journey by land of which Dante speaks.

There is considerable meanness in the version of this line :—

Dunque che è ? perchè, perchè restai ?

What is this comes o'er thee then ?

Why, why dost thou hang back ?

We now come to the awful opening of the third canto, with the very emphatic repetition of the same four commencing words in the first three lines, thrice.

Per me si va nella città dolente ;

Per me si va nell' eterno dolore ;

Per me si va tra la perduta gente :

Giustizia mosse 'l mio alto fattore.

Fecemi la divina protestate,

La somma sapienza e 'l primo amore.

Through me you pass into the city of woe ;

Through me you pass into eternal pain ;

Through me among the people lost for aye.

Justice the founder of my fabric moved ;

To rear me was the task of power divine,

Supremest wisdom, and primeval love.

Here the too great emphasis of the four words repeated thrice is avoided ; and we are told that

the Creator had a task to perform. Dante says no such thing : he speaks also of *primal* and not of *primeval* love.

Next we find this line mistranslated :—

Su la trista riviera d'Acheronte.

Beside the woeful tide of Acheron.

The true English of it is :—

Upon the dismal shore of Acheron.

but Mr. Cary thought, it seems, that *riviera* meant 'river,' in this place, as it often does, but not always. The last four lines of this canto are also badly done into English.

The fourth canto is made to open with the following specimen of indifferent grammar and exaggeration :—

Broke the deep alumber in my brain a crash

Of heavy thunder, that I shook myself

As one by main force roused. Risen upright, &c.

It certainly requires a little main force to pronounce this last line. The original words *per forza* merely signify 'per force.'

Dante describes Virgil as turning *pale*, and as

saying that it was with pity that his visage was so *painted* :—

——— L'angoscia delle genti
Che son quà giù nel viso mi dipinge.

——— the anguish of that race below
With pity stains my cheek.

Thus we see that Mr. Cary supposes the colouring of pity to be a stain. Such is the difference between a poet and a proser : the latter cannot see the delicate painting of the former :

——— Ci vidi venir un posente
Con segno di vittoria incoronato.

——— I behold a puissant one arrive
Amongst us, with victorious trophy crowned.

Dante does not speak of a trophy, which generally consists of a pile of arms, but of a 'sign' of victory. This sign, according to the commentators, was the cross. I am convinced, however, that they are mistaken, as in that case the poet would have written 'col segno;' and that the crown which Dante meant was that of thorns.

There are two mistakes in the version of the last four lines of this canto :—

*La sexta compagnia in due si scema,
E vegno in parte ove non è chi luca.*

In two
The six associates part - - - -
And to a part I come where no light shines.

The meaning of the poet is : ‘ the company of six lessens by two.....And to a part I come where there is no one who can shine.’ Mr. Cary seems to have been there, too.

In the fifth canto the Tuscan asks Virgil :—

*Maestro, chi son quelle
Genti che l'aer nero al gastiga ?*

Instructor, who
Are those by the black air so scourged ?

I protest I should not think a scourge of black air a very hellish instrument of torture. *Gastiga* simply means ‘chastiseth;’—and all chastisement is not scourging, either with black air, or with birch.

The next is a mistake of a kind which appears strange enough, coming from the pen of any

person even slightly acquainted with classic fable :—

—— e vidi 'l grand Achille,
Che con amor al fine combatteo.

Achilles who with love fought to the end.

The text means, very differently, 'fought at last.'

In his version of the exquisite simile '*Quali colombe,*' &c. Mr. Cary would have been unwontedly correct, had he not rendered *l'ali alzate* by 'wide wings,' instead of 'wings outspread.' Who ever before heard of the wide wings of a dove? such an expression may be applied to those of an eagle.

The celebrated passage describing the love and woes of Francesca da Rimini and Paolo Malatesta is very poorly and weakly given. The Edinburgh reviewer said that Mr. Cary had not rendered it with his usual felicity. What that felicity is, I am unable to discover. The following appear to be examples of signal

infelicity, and yet there are worse in many other parts of his translation :—

Amor ch'al cor gentil ratto s'apprende
Prese costui de la bella persona
Che mi fù tolta,—

Love that in gentle heart is quickly learnt
Entangled him by that fair form from me
Ta'en in such cruel sort,—

Thus the emphatic word *costui* is rendered by the feeble word 'him;' as if Dante had written *prese lo*, instead of *prese costui*.

Caina attende chi n' vita ci spense.

Caina waits
The soul who spilt our life.

'Caina awaits him who *quenched* our life,' is the true English of this line. I need not of course remark how skilfully the word 'quenched' is used to convey to us the image of two souls burning with passion. Not more happily descriptive is that beautiful line of Shakespeare :—

Put out the light ;—and then, put out the light.

The translator, however, seems to have thought

that *spense* was the preterfect tense of *spendere*,
as it is of *spegnere*.

A che e come concedette amore
Che conosceste i dubbiosi desiri ?

By what and how love granted that ye knew
Your yet uncertain wishes.

Here is precious tautology, and unnecessary harshness. Surely 'whereby and how' would sound better. *Dubbiosi desiri* means timid or misdoubting desires;—and the correct interpretation of the words *A che e come*, is 'wherefore and how.' Had Mr. Cary consulted any Italian dictionary he would have discovered this in the first page.

— nessun maggior dolore
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria.

No greater grief than to remember days
Of joy, when misery is at hand.

The poet describes this misery as not 'at hand,' but as actually felt, then, and long before.

Galeotto fù il libro e chi lo scrisse—

The book and writer both
Were love's purveyors.

'Love's guide,' or 'betrayers,' would surely be a better paraphrase. In common parlance, 'love's purveyor' would mean a provider of stimulant food.

Thus, I have noticed the more conspicuous defects in the first five cantos of the work under consideration; and I feel convinced that, were I to extend my researches, I could quote a very tiresome catalogue of errors from those which follow. Perhaps, however, enough has been done to prove that a tolerably good translation of the Comedy is still a desideratum in our language. To some it will, doubtless, appear that I have been rather writing a severe critique on my predecessor than a preface for myself: but a very little reflection will shew that such a critique, if called for, is the best medium, in fact, that I could choose whereby to introduce my own attempt to the reader's notice, and to give an assurance that I myself have some of the requisite

information to guide me. He who is able to discover and point out the faults of another may, reasonably, be expected to do better himself. If Mr. Cary be not a good Italian scholar, nor much of a poet, he cannot have given an appropriate English dress to the greatest bard of Italy, and the one most difficult to translate. A very fine article on Dante appeared some years ago in the *Edinburgh Review*; which gave, incidentally, much praise to Mr. Cary. The writer of it, however, did not seem to have looked so closely at the version as he did at the original; and I have only attempted to do what he has left undone. His principal object apparently, was to produce an eloquent essay, without being very minute in his criticism. This, indeed, is the great defect of modern critics, that they are generally much more intent on shining themselves, than on showing whether the author under consideration has shone, or not. For my part I can truly assert that I have not given to the work of Mr. Cary a more strict examination

than I am willing, nay, anxious to abide for my own.

It now only remains that I should submit to the judgment of the reader, the plan on which I have myself proceeded in endeavouring to translate so great and so obscure a poem as that of Dante. In the first place, I have chosen his own appropriate mode of rhyme; and though it is, in English verse, one of the very greatest difficulty, I trust that I have given a far more faithful echo, not only of the thoughts, but of the actual words of Dante than has hitherto been produced in our language. The poverty of this language in rhyme, has sometimes, but at long intervals, compelled me to adopt a kind of termination to my verse, resembling that which the Spaniards call *asonancia*, and which is common in their poetry, and in that of the old Irish. This species of rhyme only requires that the vowels of words should be the same, and not their final consonants: *e. g.* marsh, dash; noon, gloom; &c. In couplets, this license could not certainly

be endured : but I think it quite allowable in tertian rhyme ; especially as many of our received rhymes are, in fact, only assonances, and not very close ones neither. For instance, earth, forth ; heaven, given, &c. Even in the ‘ Rape of the Lock,’ the most polished poem of our most correct and tasteful poet, we find such rhymes as the following : taste, repast ; remained, land ; break, neck ; hair, sphere ; &c. Those I am far from considering as a blemish. Assonances, however, are not unknown in English, as they occasionally occur in our beautiful old ballads ; I quote an example from the ‘ Flowers of the Forest :’

I’ve heard them a lilting, at the ewe milking,—

Many others might be added. In a very few instances, I have even introduced rhymeless lines, rather than be untrue to the sense of the original, and I may say in excuse of this practice, that a similar licence was adopted by Mr. Campbell in his justly admired verses on Hohenlinden, without being ever censured, or even remarked

as a fault. It is highly probable that not one reader in a thousand would discover such an absence of rhyme, during perusal, if not made aware of it otherwise.

As Dante is an ancient poet, and as his great work is perfectly characteristic of his age, I have chosen not to modernise it, nor to put forth embellishments of my own in his name, but to adopt, in my version of it, as nearly as I could the language and manner of our old followers of the Muse. Accordingly, I have occasionally used words and phrases that are long obsolete; thus endeavouring to preserve, in some degree, the venerable air of the great Tuscan. For the same reason, I have given, not only line for line, but, when possible, word for word with the original; nor have I sought to strengthen Dante where others have deemed that he stood in need of their powerful assistance. Even where he has been really too concise, and therefore obscure, I have still thought it my duty to act as a faithful interpreter, and to leave the comment for its proper

place. If, then, my version shall be found tiresome in many places, I trust that the candid reader will attribute that circumstance to the fidelity with which I have followed an author who is extremely unequal:—

Quondoque bonus dormitat Homerus:

while, on the other hand, if passages of true poetry be found in my work, I disclaim every praise which they might seem to claim for me, and would address to Dante his own words to Virgil:—

*Tu sei solo colui da cu' io tolsi
Lo bello stile che m'ha fatto onore.*

It may be right to add that the only part of the former translation which I saw, previous to commencing my own, were the few lines quoted in the *Edinburgh Review*. These I read several years before I thought of writing an improved version; and I have, subsequently, only read Mr. Cary's version of each canto, after I had finished my own of the same. Thus I have found that

several of our verses were nearly identical, and this only proves that Mr. Cary has been occasionally as correct as he should always have been.

The reader will now judge whether my pretension to greater fidelity is well founded or not ; but I hope that none but critical Italian scholars will consider themselves capable of deciding the question. Even the clever writer in the Edinburgh Review, before alluded to, has shown that he mistook the sense of one passage which he quoted, viz :—

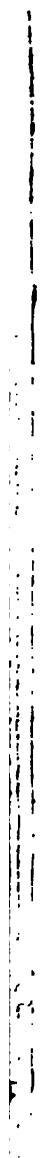
Che come vedi ancor non m'abbandona.

This should be a warning to others. If I have committed any considerable mistakes in the execution of my task, I shall not seek to excuse them by saying that I have had to choose amongst a variety of readings. The text of Dante has, in fact, come down to us tolerably pure ; the best readings have been long ago settled by such men as Bembo and other eminent critics of the sixteenth century ; and it would surely be presumptuous in me to judge

differently from them. The editions from which I have translated are that of Aldus, 1515; and the one called the 'cat edition,' Venice, 1564; with the commentaries of Landino and Vellutello, together with the admirable one of Rossetti, who as a commentator on the Comedy is without a rival. Between those, or any other good editions of the *Divina Commedia* there is very little variation. I have added a brief commentary, in which I have advanced some new interpretations of passages that appeared to me to have been misunderstood by previous commentators, while I have selected from the latter such elucidations as seemed worthy of approval.

For reasons which will be immediately obvious, I may remark that the foregoing preface was written in the year 1831. Since that time Mr. Wright has published his version of the Tuscan; and his labours have obtained a critical notice in either of the leading Reviews. In the Edinburgh he is declared to have made a much nearer approach to excellence than Mr. Cary,

as a translator. In the Quarterly, he is advised not to proceed further with his version. Thus it would seem that there is still room for another candidate who may be ambitious of the high honour of representing Dante. As to my own opinion, judging only from the specimens given by the Reviews, I must say that, though Mr. Wright has by no means reached the standard of excellence which I would myself endeavour to attain, he has nevertheless produced a work very creditable to his taste, and much superior to any previous translation of Dante which we possess. I cannot here deny myself the pleasure of expressing the gratification which I felt in perceiving that the critics of the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews had each made several remarks, which are to be found, in other words, expressed in the foregoing prefatory observations.



T H E C O M E D Y .

H E L L .



H E L L .

CANTO I.

Midway upon the journey of our life,
I found myself within a darksome wood ;
For the true way was lost, mid perils, rife.
And hard it were to tell how drear it stood,
That savage mighty wild of shade imbrowned
Which still renews the fear that chilled my blood ;
So bitter it is, death little more can wound.
But now, to treat of good which me befell,
I'll speak of other things that there I found.
How there I entered I can scarcely tell,
So full of sleep was I, that time, alas !
When the true way I left that guideth well.

But, when to a hill-foot arrived I was,
 There where it terminated that dim vale
 Which stung my heart with fear and sore amaze,
I looked on high, and saw its shoulders pale
 Clad with the radiance of that planet great
 Which leadeth others right, o'er hill and dale.
Then somewhat did that former dread abate
 Which had endured within my bosom's core,
 The livelong night of pain I past of late.
And, as a man escaped unto the shore
 From out the deep, with spent and panting breath,
 Turns to the perilous water, gazing sore ;
Even so my mind that still fled, as from death,
 Turned backward to behold the passage dim
 Which living person never left beneath.
After I had reposed each wearied limb,
 Still up the desert hill my way I went,
 My firmest foot being lowest, as I climb.
And lo ! at the beginning of the bent,
 A swift and nimble Panther I descried
 Whose skin with many a spot was all besprent.
And from before my face she never hied,
 But rather hindered so my onward way,
 That, many times, to turn me back I tried.

It was the time of the beginning day,
And the sun mounted up with every star
That with him was, when first the beauteous ray,
By love divine, was moved to shine afar.
So by that gaily-spotted beast beguiled,
And by the hour of time, and season fair,
I had a cause for hope, and inly smiled ;
But still not so that I could feel no dread
At sight of a great Lion, raging wild,
Which came against me with uplifted head,
And hunger mad, so that the air, before,
Seemed all affrighted, as he onward sped.
And next a She-wolf that, with cravings sore,
Seemed heavy-laden in her meagreness,
And which gave many a one to want, of yore.
This creature cast on me such heaviness,
With fear which issued from her hateful sight,
That still my hope to gain the height grew less.
As one who seeketh gain, with all his might,
And, when time comes to spoil his rich increase,
Bewails in every thought, and saddens quite :
Such made me then that beast withouten peace,
Coming by little and little against me, slow,
And drove me back to where the sunbeams cease.

While I was ruining to the place below,
Before me, there, was offered to my ken
Who from long silence appeared weak : and lo !
When him I saw in the great desert, then,
Have pity on me, I cried to him, alas !
Whate'er thou art, or shade or living man.
He answered me : Not man. Man, once, I was.
My parents both were Lombards, and also
Were Mantuans by country : such my race.
Under famed Julius I was born, although
Late was he ; and beneath Augustus' sway,
I lived, when lying gods were worshipped low.
I was a poet, and I sung the lay
Of him, Anchises' son who came from Troy,
When Ilion the superb in ashes lay.
But why dost thou return to such annoy ?
Why goest thou not up that delightful mount
Which is the cause and source of so much joy ?
Art thou that Virgil then ; art thou that fount
Of eloquence that spreads so large and bright,
I answered him with reverential front ?
O honour of all other bards, and light,
May the long study avail me, and great love,
Which still have made me seek thy volume bright.

Thou art my master, every bard above,
Thou only art the one from whom I've ta'en
The lofty stile that doth such honour prove.
Behold the beast from which I fled, amain ;
Aid me 'gainst her, O famous sage, I pray,
That makes me tremble in every pulse and vein.
Thee it behoves to take another way,
He answered, when he saw me weeping pale,
If from this savage place thou wouldst away.
For yonder beast that makes thee to bewail
Lets no one pass her way unto that hill,
But hinders each and slays, and doth prevail.
Her craving wishes she can ne'er fulfil
So evil is she of nature, evermore,
And, having fed, she hath more hunger still.
With many animals she mates, and more
They will be, till the Hound shall come, at last,
Which yet shall make her die of anguish sore.
Nor earth nor ore shall yield that Hound's repast,
But wisdom, love, and virtue his shall be.
Between Feltro and Feltro shall be placed
His nation great. Of humble Italy
He shall be yet the safety ; of that land
For which the maid Camilla died, and ye

Eurialus, Nisus, Turnus, honoured band.

Even he shall chase her through each town, till Hell,
Whence Envy drew her first, shall from his hand
Receive her. And I now discern, full well,
That thou shouldst follow me. I'll be thy guide.

And lead thee where eternal horrors dwell ;
Where thou shalt hear despairing outcries, wide
Resounding, and shalt see the ancient sprites
Call on the second death they would abide.

And thou shalt, then, behold those other wights
Who are content, through hope, amid the fire,
When it may be, to share salvation's rights,
Among the blest ; to whom if thou aspire

To mount up afterwards, a worthier soul
Than me shall lead thee to the heavenly quire.
For He who reigns on high, and rules the whole,
Wills not that to his city should ascend
Any through me, who owned not his control.

He swayeth every where, and without end.

There is his city, and his lofty seat.

Oh ! happy are the elect who thither wend.

Then said I to him : Poet, I entreat,

For sake of that God whom thou knewest not,
That thou wouldst lead me, if I may as yet

Escape those ills and worse that haunt this spot,
Where I may view saint Peter's gate, and those
Whom thou dost make so wretched, in their lot.
Then moved he ; and I follow as he goes.

CANTO II.

Day was departing, and the dusky air
 Withdrew the living upon earth to rest
 From their fatigues : while I alone prepare
Still to sustain the warfare and unrest,
 Both of the road, and of religion dear,
 Which my unwandering mind will picture best.
O Muses ! O high genius, aid me here !
 O soul that wrotest what I, erst, did see,
 Now shall thy nobleness, perchance, appear.
Thus I began : Thou bard that guidest me,
 Look if my strength be equal for the way,
 Ere unto that high pass thou trustest me.
Thou sayest that Silvius' parent, still in clay
 Corruptible, with mortal senses still,
 Unto the immortal region went his way.

Wherefore if the Adversary of all ill
Was so benign, pondering the high effect,
The who and what, which he should yet fulfill ;
Unworthy seems he not to the intellect.
For, in the highest heaven, he was forenamed
Of Rome and of her sway the sire elect.
Which city, and which empire great were framed
And 'stablished, certes, for the holy place
Where the successor sits of Peter famed.
By that emprise he learned strange things to trace
Which were to him the cause of victory,
And of the papal mantle. Then, through grace,
Next, thither went election's vessel, he
To bring us strength from thence, for that true faith
Which is the first way to salvation free.
But why should I go thither ; or who saith,
Enter ? Neither Eneas nor Paul am I :
Nor I, nor others deem my worth so great.
So if I yield myself that path to try,
I fear the travel may be overbold :
Thou art wise and better knowest to descry.
And, as one that unwilleth what he wolde,
And, through new thoughts, changeth his first intent,
So that from act he turns, in purpose cold,

Such I became upon that darksome bent :
For, musing, I consumed the hardihood
Which in beginning was so quickly lent.
If I thy words have rightly understood,
Answered the shade of that magnanimous one,
Thy soul is tainted with a cowardly mood.
Which many times encumbers man, alone,
So that from honoured feats he turns, afraid,
Like a beast starting at some sight unknown.
That thou mayest loose thyself from such a dread,
I'll tell thee why I came, and what I learned,
When first I grieved for thee, so far misled.
'Mongst the suspended ones was I discerned,
And a fair courteous dame called me, afar,
Whom I besought to sway me, as she yearned.
Her eyes shone out, more bright than any star,
And thus, full softly and sweetly, she begun,
With voice angelic, iu her parlance fair.
O courteous Mantuan spirit ! gifted one !
Whose fame endures, on earth, and shall endure,
As long as motion swayeth matter on ;
My friend, my own, and not my dowry's wooer,
Within the wild is hindered on his way,
So that for fear he's turned, in paths unsure.

And, much I fear he doth already stray,
 So far, that for his help I've risen too late,
 By what I've heard of him in Heaven, to-day.
Now go, and with thy winning words ornate,
 As thou hast need that he should 'scape from woe,
 Help him, that I be not disconsolate.
I am Beatrice who now would have thee go.
 I come from whence I would return, full fain.
 Love moved me, which now bids me speak, also.
When I shall come before my Lord, again,
 I'll praise thee oft to him, the Holy One,
 Then did she cease, and, straightway, I began.
O Lady of power, through whose aid, alone,
 The human kind surmounteth all below
 The lower heaven with its lesser zones,
This thy command so pleaseth me, that slow
 Obedience seems, though 'twere already done :
 No further need hast thou thy wish to show.
But tell me wherefore thou hast not foregone
 Thus to descend into this centre of pain,
 From the ample place whither thou wouldst be gone.
Since thou desirest such insight deep to gain,
 I'll tell thee briefly, then, she answered me,
 Why fear I not to seek this dread domain.

Only those things are to be feared which be
Of power to do an ill to other wight ;
All else are not ; for they undreadful be.
Such God hath made me, by his gracious might,
That woe of yours can't touch me, nor come nigh,
Nor flame of this great burning can affright.
There is a gentle dame, above the sky,
Who hath great ruth of him I'd have thee aid,
So that she breaks stern judgement, there on high.
This gentle dame, beseeching Lucia, said :
Behold, thy faithful one hath need of thee :
Him I commend to thee, fair blessed maid.
Lucia, the foe of all that cruel be,
Arose, and came to where I then abode
Beside the ancient Rachel seated, free.
She said : O Beatrice, true praise of God,
Why dost not help him, now, who loved thee so,
Who left, through thee, the vulgar throng and road ?
Dost thou not hear his anguished plaint, below ?
Dost thou not see the death he combats, too,
Upon the flood which seas can ne'er outgo ?
Ne'er, in the world, were folks so quick to do
Aught for their gain, or from their loss retreat,
As I, after those words were uttered, flew.

I came down hither, from my blessed seat,
Trusting, full surely, in thy parlance fair
Which honours thee and those who've heard it sweet.
After she thus had spoken to me, there,
She turned her shining eyes, weeping, away ;
Whereby she made me quicklier hither fare.
And, as she willed, I've come unto thee ; yea,
I've ta'en thee from before that savage beast
Which to yon fair hill barred thy shortest way.
How now, then ? Wherefore, wherefore hast thou ceased ?
Wherefore such cowardice cherish in thy heart ?
Why hast thou not frank boldness, now at least,
Since three such blessed ladies, on thy part,
Plead for thee, in the court of Heaven bright,
And such good promise I to thee impart ?
Like flowerets that beneath the frost of night,
Bowed down and closed, when brightened by the sun,
Lift themselves opened on their stems, upright,
So my tired strength did I arouse, full soon,
And such good boldness to my heart ran free,
That, as a man released, I thus begun :
Oh she is full of ruth who succoured me ;
And courteous thou who didst, so soon, obey
The words of truth which she addressed to thee !

My heart's desire thou hast disposed, alway
So to proceed, by those thy words, and won,
That I return unto my first essay.
Now go : for we have both one will, alone :
Thou art my guide, my lord, my master thou ;
Thus said I to him : and, when he moved on,
By the deep woody way I entered slow.

CANTO III.

Through me ye pass into the city of woe ;
Through me ye pass into eternal pain ;
Through me ye pass among the lost, below.
Justice moved my high Maker ; not in vain.
The power divine, and wisdom without peer,
And primal love made me, as I remain.
Before I was, no things created were,
But everlasting, and I ever last.
Forsake all hope, all ye who enter here.
These words did I behold, as on I passed,
In colour dim, written above a gate.
Master, their sense is hard, I said, at last.
And he, as one well skilled, replied, sedate :
Here must all wavering fear aside be laid ;
All cowardice here must die, and perish straight.

We are come unto the place wherein, I said,
That thou the woeful people shalt behold
Who've lost the intellect's chief good, and aid.
And when he laid his hand on mine, with bold
And cheerful face, whence I my strength renewed,
Within he set me, 'mongst the things untold.
There sighs, and bitter complaints, and wailings loud
Resounded all throughout the starless air,
So that, at first, I wept in wretched mood.
There divers tongues of horrible despair,
Words of great woe, accents of wrath and dread,
Clapping of hands, and loud hoarse voices, there,
A tumult made that ever widely spread,
Through the stained air, but not with clouds im-
browned,
Like sand, when whirlwinds lift it high o'er head.
And I, with error thus begirt, around,
Said : Master, what is that which now I hear ?
What folk are those so quelled with woe profound ?
And he replied : In this sad guise, appear
The sorry souls of those who, in their land,
Lived without fame, and without sentence clear.
Thus they are mingled with the wretched band
Of the angels who rebelled not, nor were true
Unto their God, but for themselves would stand.

The heavens cast them out, because they grew
Not loathlier ; nor deep Hell can them receive,
For thence some glory were to the evil crew.
And I : Master what heavy burdens cleave
To those, which make them wail, with tireless breath ?
Quoth he : I'll tell thee briefly, nor deceive.
Those whom thou seest have no hope of death ;
And, their blind life is so despised and base,
They envy every other kind beneath.
No fame of them throughout the world hath place :
Mercy and Justice them alike disdain.
Let us not speak of such ; but look, and pass.
And I beheld, and saw a standard, plain,
Which flew around so swiftly, and around,
Methought it seemed unworthy rest to gain :
And after it came following, without bound,
So long a train of people that I ne'er
Had deemed that Death so great to slay had found.
When I had recognized, in their career,
Some among these, I saw the shade of him
Who made the great refusal, through vile fear.
Straightway I surely knew that concourse grim
Was even the wretched sect of those who are
With God, as with his foes, of no esteem.

Those hapless ones who ne'er were living, bare
And naked were, and oft were stung, full sore,
By hornets and by wasps that mustered there :
From these their cheeks with blood were streaming o'er;
Blood mixed with tears that, flowing to their feet,
By loathsome worms was gathered, evermore.
When I looked further, by a river great
I saw much people on its shore, I wis ;
Wherefore I said : Master, now let me weet
What those may be, and what the custom is
Which makes them seem so prompt to pass, each one,
As I discern, by light so faint as this.
And he to me : These things shall be, anon,
Recounted, when our steps we shall arrest,
Upon the dismal shore of Acheron.
With eyes abashed, and downcast, fearing lest
Aught in my words displeasing he should mark,
Until the flood we gained, from speech I ceased.
And lo ! towards us coming, in a bark,
An old man, white through ancient locks, amain
Crying : Woe, woe unto you, spirits dark !
Ne'er hope to look upon the heaven, again.
I come to bear you to the further side,
Into endless gloom,—scorching and freezing pain.

And thou, O living soul that dost abide
Yonder, depart from those, for dead are they :
But, when he saw I parted not, he cried :
Through other parts, and by another way,
Thou soon shalt reach a shore to pass, not here ;
For thee a swifter vessel must convey.
And thus my guide : Charon, from wrath forbear ;
For thus it is decreed where what is willed
Must be : no further question thou, nor fear.
Thereat, full soon, the woolly cheeks were stilled
Of the grim boatman of the livid marsh,
Whose eyes with wheels of fire were girt and filled.
But, when they heard those words cruel and harsh,
The souls forlorn that naked were, in sin,
They changed their colour, and their teeth they gnash.
God they blasphemed, their parents, and their kin,
The human kind, the place, the time and seed
From whence they sprung, and where their birth had
been.
Then, one and all, they on their way proceed,
Wailing aloud, unto the evil shore
That waits each man who fears not God, indeed.
Charon, the fiend with eyes of burning ore,
Beckoning them, gathers all his shuddering prey,
And striketh those who linger, with his oar.

Even as the leaves of autumn fall away,
One after other, till the naked bough
Sees all its spoils on earth, in sere decay ;
Right so, the evil seed of Adam, now,
From off that shore fling themselves, one by one ;
Like birds unto the call, by signs they go .
Thus went they away over the billows dun ;
And, ere across to yonder side they've sped,
On this a new troop gathers to be gone.
My son, to me the courteous master said,
All they, who die under the wrath of God,
Come hither from all countries, doubly dead,
And they are prompt to overpass the flood,
Because the divine justice spurs them on,
And changeth to desire their fearful mood.
From hence no spirit good passed ever one :
Therefore if Charon, plaining for thee, spoke,
Now mayest thou know why such his speech and tone.
This being ended, that dark country shook
So strongly, that the terror of my mind
Still bathes me o'er with sweat, as back I look.
The tearful earth sent forth a sudden wind,
And blazed a vermeil light, a light of Hell,
Which conquered all my senses. Faint and blind
And, as a man with slumber seized, I fell.

CANTO IV.

A heavy thunder broke the sleep profound
From out my brain ; so that myself I shook,
As one perforce awakened : and around,
Being uprisen, with eyes reposed I look,
And fixedly I gazed, could sight avail,
To know the place wherein my way I took.
I found me on the border of the vale,
That valley of the dolorous abyss
Which gathereth thunder great of endless wail.
So gloomy, deep, and cloudy it was, I wis,
That, though against its depth I fixed my gaze,
Nought could I there below discern for this.
Now down into the blind world, down apace,
Descend we, said the bard, all pale of hue,
I shall be first : hold thou the second place.

And I, because his colour wan I knew,
Said : How shall I come on, if thou dost fear,
From whom assurance, in my fears, I drew ?
And he to me : It is the anguish drear
Of those who are below, with pity, thus,
That paints my visage, which thou deemest fear.
Proceed we ; for the long way urgeth us.
So entered he, and made me enter too
The circle first that girds the abyss accurst.
Herein, for aught that ear could hearken to,
There was no plaint, save that alone of sighs.
Which made the eternal breezes tremble through.
And these from sorrow, without pain, arise,
Which felt the crowds many and great, I wot,
Of infants, and of women, and likewise
Of men. The master said : Askest thou not
What spirits those are which thou seest yon ?
I will that thou shouldst know they sinned not.
And if they have found mercy, that, alone,
Cannot suffice ; for baptism had they ne'er
Which part is of that faith thou trustest on.
And, if ere Christianity they were,
They did not duly the true God adore :
And I am one of such, in that despair.

Through such defects, and nought of evil more,
Lost are we, only pained with such unbliss,
That in desire we live while hope is o'er.
Great sorrow filled my heart when I heard this ;
Because I knew that many a worthy wight
Was in that limbo, then, bereft of bliss.
Tell me, good master mine, tell me aright,
I straight began, for I would certain be
Of that true faith which conquers error quite :
Hence ever passed one out, by merit free,
His own or other's, and was, after, blest ?
My covert speech then understanding, he
Replied : I was but new in this unrest,
When, here, I saw a mighty one arrive
With sign of victory crowned, and honour best.
The shade of the first sire of all who live
Hence drew he, and of Abel, too, his son ;
Noah, and Moses that God's law did give ;
The patriarch Abraham ; David, royal one ;
Israel, with his father, and his sons,
With Rachel for whose sake so much he had done,
And made them blest, with many more, eftsoons.
And I would have thee know that saved were
No human souls before those happy ones.

For that he spoke, we ceased not on to fare,
But still passed forward through the wood alway,
The wood, I say, of many spirits, there.
On this side from the summit, now, our way
Was not yet long, when I a fire beheld
Which quelled the hemisphere of darkness gray.
Somewhat afar from thence, as yet, we held
Our course, still not so far but that, in part,
I could discern what honoured folk there dwelled.
O thou that honourest all lore and art,
Say who are these that such great worship find,
That them from other wights it doth dispart ?
And he to me : The name they left behind,
Which speaketh in thy life above of those,
Won grace in Heaven, which raised them in this
kind.
Meantime I heard a voice, full clear that rose ;
Honour ye, honour ye the highest bard :
His shade, which was gone forth, returns to us.
When that the voice made end, nor more was heard,
I saw four mighty shades from out that quire
Approach, whose semblance sad nor blithe appeared.
Then the good master thus began : Admire !
Behold him yonder, with that sword in hand,
Who comes before the three, even as their sire :

That is great Homer, sovereign poet, and
Next is the satirist Horace who comes on :
Ovid is third ; Lucan last of that band.
Because that these agree with me, each one,
In name, such as the voice pronounced, likewise
They do me honour, and, so, well have done.
Thus the fair school I saw, in goodly guise,
Of that great lord of the most lofty song,
Which o'er the others, as an eagle, flies.
When somewhat they had spoke, themselves among,
They turned towards me, with a greeting fair,
And my good master smiled on them along.
And much more honour gave they to me, there ;
For one they made me of their band so bright,
And I was sixth of that assemblage rare.
Thus went we onward, till we reached the light,
Speaking of things which may not here be told ;
Though meet for utterance there, and spoken right.
We came unto a noble castle old,
Circled by lofty walls, seven times, in girth ;
Fenced by a stream around, fair to behold.
This we passed o'er, as if o'er hardest earth.
By seven portals, with those sages great,
I entered a fresh verdant mead of worth.

Therein were folk with grave eyes, and sedate,
Who wore a mien of much authority ;
Seldom they spoke, and with sweet words of weight.
Thus, from one side withdrew we to a free
And open place, and luminous, and high,
So that we might all those around us see.
There on the enamelled green, before me nigh,
The spirits great, of old, to me were shown
Which to have seen myself I magnify.
Electra, with companions many a one,
I saw ; and Hector, and Eneas knew,
And Cæsar armed, with falcon eyes that shone ;
I saw Camilla, and Penthesilea, too,
On the other side ; and King Latinus old,
That with Lavinia sate, his daughter true.
That Brutus who chased Tarquin I behold,
Cornelia, Julia, Martia, and Lucrece ;
And lonely apart knew Saladin the bold.
When I my upward view somewhat increase,
I saw the master-sage of those who know
'Mid philosophic kindred, sit, in peace :
All gaze on him ; all do him homage, low.
There Socrates and Plato both advance
Before the rest, and nearer to him go.

Democritus who deemed the world a chance,
 Diogenes, Anaxagoras, Thales true,
 Empedocles with Zeno met my glance,
And Heraclitus. I the gatherer knew,
 Good Dioscorides. Orpheus I see,
 Tullius, Linus, moral Seneca too,
Euclid the geometrician, Ptolemy,
 Hippocrates, Galenus, Avicenne,
 Averroes who made the commentrie.
I can't at full retrace all I saw, then ;
 Because the long discourse constrains me so
 That, oft, my words to tell the fact are vain.
The company of six lessens by two ;
 Another way led that sage guide of mine,
 From the still air to that which trembles through,
And soon I came where nought may ever shine.

CANTO V.

Thus, from the primal circle I went down
 Into the second, which engirds less space,
 And so much more of pain, and restless moan.
There standeth Minos, horrible in face,
 And grins. The guilt he tries of all who come,
 At the entrance ; judgeth, and allots their place.
I say that, when the soul of evil doom
 Before him comes, it owns its deeds of wrong,
 And he, who weigheth all the works of gloom,
Sees to what place in Hell it doth belong :
 Round him, so many times, he folds his tail
 As to degrees of depth shall that be flung.
Before him many such stand ever, pale :
 By lots, they go unto the judgment, each ;
 They say, and hear, and are cast down to bale.

O thou that dost the dolorous dwelling reach,
Said Minos, when he looked upon me first,
Leaving the acts which his dread duties teach :
Mark how thou enterest, and in whom hast trust :
Let not the ample entrance thee beguile.
And to him spake my guide : Why say'st thou thus ?
Hinder not thou his fated course, the while :
So it is willed, where all that's willed can be ;
Then, question thou no further. Now the wild
And woeful notes made themselves heard by me :
Now am I come where many moans affright
Mine ear, and weary complaints begin to be.
I came unto a place, deprived of light,
Which bellowed, as the sea in tempest does,
When adverse winds against the billows fight.
The infernal whirlwind that ne'er finds repose
Carries the spirits with it, in its wrath,
Turning and striking them, as round it goes.
When they came on, before the ruin's path,
There were the outcries and laments, I wis ;
There they blasphemed the power their Maker hath.
I learned that unto torments such as this
The carnal sinners were condemned, alway,
Who yield their reason to desire, submiss.

And, even as starlings give their winglets play,
In the cold time, by flocks both large and deep.
So did the blast the evil spirits sway.
Hither and thither, low, aloft they sweep.
No hope can ever strengthen them to gain
Not rest, in sooth, but less of pain to reap.
And as the cranes go chaunting their sad strain,
Making a long line of themselves in air,
So I saw coming, while they loudly plain,
Shades wafted by the troublous turmoil there :
Wherefore I said : Master, what folk be those
Whom the black air chastiseth, every where ?
The woman, foremost of that throng who goes,
Whereof thou askest tidings, then said he,
O'er many tongues was Empress ; but she chose
Such foulness in the vice of luxury,
That she made pleasure law, to take away
The blame of her misdeeds, if so might be.
She is Semiramis who, records say,
Succeeded Ninus, and was also his wife.
She held the land which owns the Sultan's sway.
That other is she who gave for love her life,
And to Sichæus' ashes broke her faith :
Next, lustful Cleopatra, cause of strife.

Helen I saw, for whom such days of death
Rolled on; and great Achilles I behold
Who fought with Love at last, and sank beneath.
Paris and Tristram saw I: and he told
And named more than a thousand shades to me
Which love had parted from our life, of old.
When I had heard my teacher, in degree,
Naming the ancient dames and knights, deep woe
Struck me, as one amazed. Right willingly,
O bard, I then began, to yonder two
I'd speak, that fare together, on their way,
And seem so swift upon the wind to go.
And he to me: Thou shalt observe when they
Are nearer to us: then, beseech them thou,
Even by that love which leads them, and straightway,
They'll come. Soon as the blast shall bring them low
To usward, raise thy voice. O troubled sprites,
Come speak to us, if so your dooms allow.
As doves by fond desire called from their flight,
With firm and outspread wings, to their sweet nest
Fleet through the air, borne by their will aright,
So issued they from out the troop unblest,
Where Dido is, to us through air malign,
So strong was my affectionate request.

O living one, full gracious and benign,
That through the dusk air visitest our abode,
We who have stained the world with bloody sign ;
If unto us the Universal God
Were friendly, we would pray him for thy weal,
Since thou hast pity of our evil load.
Of that whereof thou wouldst that we should tell
Or hear, we'll hearken to thee, or will speak,
Now while the wind is silent : mark thou well.
The realm where I was born, a mortal weak,
Lies on the sea-shore, where the Po descends,
With all his followers, for peace to seek.
Love, that in gentle heart full quickly wends,
Enthralled this dear one to that person fair,
Bereft from me ; and still the mode offends.
Love, that can never the beloved spare
From loving, won me so this wight to gain
That, as thou seest, he forsakes me ne'er.
Love led us to one death. The place with Cain
Awaiteth him who quenched our life. E'en so,
These words were borne towards us from the twain.
Soon as I heard those hapless souls, full low
My face I bowed, and kept it bowed a space,
Until the poet said : What musest thou ?

When, answering I began : Alas ! alas !
How many sweet thoughts have betrayed those two,
What warm desire, unto this grievous pass !
Then towards them I turned, and spoke, anew,
Saying : Francesca, thy great agonies
Thus make me weep sad tears to pity due :
But tell me, in that season of sweet sighs,
Wherefore and how Love granted you to know
Your timorous desires, in certain wise ?
And she to me : There is no greater woe
Than to bethink us of the happy time,
In misery ; and this thy sage will show.
But, if the first root of our love and crime
Thou hast such strong desire to learn, indeed,
I'll do as one that weeps, and tells, meantime.
One day, for our delight we chanced to read
Of Lancelot, and how love brought him low :
We were alone, and without any dread.
That reading caused our eyes to meet, I trow,
Full oft, and paled our cheeks full oft, the while :
But one point gave our hearts the conquering blow.
'Twas when we read of the desired smile,
How it was kissed, by such a lover gay,
He who from me nought ever can exile

All trembling kissed my lips. Ah well away !

The book, and he who wrote it were love's guide ;

Therein no further did we read, that day.

While thus one spirit spoke, still there beside

The other wept ; so that, in deep unweal,

I swooned with ruth, as though I should have died,

And, as a lifeless body falls, I fell.

CANTO VI.

What time my mind returned, which failed me late,
Through pity of those hapless kindred souls
Who filled my wildered thoughts with sadness great,
New torments, new tormented I behold,
Around me ; wheresoe'er I move is pain,
Where'er I turn, whate'er my gaze enfold.
At the third circle am I of the rain
Accursed, everlasting, heavy and chill,
Which no new quality or rules retain.
Huge hail, discoloured water, snow-drifts still
Fall thick and ceaseless, through the darkened air,
And the earth stinks whereon those showers distil.
The wild beast Cerberus, fierce and cruel, there,
With his three maws aye barketh, doggishly,
Against the folk sunk in that filthy lair.

Red eyes, a black and oily beard hath he,
A swollen paunch, and claws upon his hands ;
Piecemeal he tears the sprites his food to be.
The rain makes these to howl, like dogs in bands ;
One side they make a shelter 'gainst the other ;
Oft the profane ones turn, as pain commands.
When Cerberus the great worm saw us together,
He oped his mouth and gave his fangs to view,
While all his members quaked, in darkness nether.
And then my guide stretched forth his fingers, too,
And took some earth, and so, with both his hands,
Into the greedy maw his offering threw.
Like to a dog that barking loud demands
His food, and when he eats at once is still,
While only to devour he understands,
Such then became the filthy faces vile
Of the fiend Cerberus who stuns the sprites,
So that full fain they would be deaf, the while.
O'er those shades which the heavy rain unites
We passed, and where their vagueness doth appear
A shape, we put our feet. Those fallen wights
Lay one and all along the ground, in fere,
Save one who quickly raised himself to sit,
Soon as he saw us pass before him, near.

O thou that thus art led through Hell's black pit,
He said, remember me, if thou dost know ;
Ere mine was quenched, thy day of life was lit.
And I to him : Perchance thy bitter woe
Draws thee from out my mind, full sorely shent,
So that meseems I've ne'er seen thee ere now.
But tell me who thou art thus hither sent
Unto such grievous place, and so great ill ;
If any worse, no loathlier punishment.
And he to me : Thy city, which is still
So full of envy that her paunch hangs down,
Once held me with her, in my days of weal.
Ye citizens called me Ciacco, long agoe :
Here for the damning sin of gluttony,
Even as thou seest, beneath the rain I groan.
And not alone am I in misery ;
For all these with me a like sufferance share,
For a like sin : his words then ended he.
And I replied : Ciacco, thy troubles are
So sad to me, they bid me weep in pity :
But tell me, if thou know, whereto shall fare
Those citizens of the divided city ?
If, there, be any just one ; and the cause
Why she is so assailed by discord mighty ?

And he to me : After long strife, the jaws
Of earth shall quaff their blood ; the woodland band
Shall chase the other which to ruin draws.
Then, 'tis decreed, this same, from high command
Shall fall, within three suns, when that shall sweep
To power, through him who now doth idle stand.
High will they hold their heads full long, and keep
This other under heavy burdens low,
So that for this do they bewail and weep.
Two, there, are just ; but none will heed those two :
Pride, envy, avarice, each is there a spark
That kindles every heart, in burning woe.
Here ended he his piteous rumour dark ;
And I to him : I pray thee yet to teach,
Gifting me with thy words that well I mark ;
Farinata and Tegghiaio who were each
So prized, James Rusticucci and Henry too,
Mosca and the rest whom none could e'er impeach,
Where are they, tell me ; give them to my view,
For great desire constraineth me to learn
If Heaven be sweet to them, or Hell subdue.
And he : they 'mong the blacker souls sojourn ;
Sins diverse weighed them to the bottom down :
If thou descendest, those shalt thou discern.

But when to the sweet world thou shalt be gone,
I pray thee call me back to others' mind.
No more I say to thee, nor answer on.
His looks direct he then askance inclined,
Eyed me awhile, and then bowed his head lower
And fell, with that, like to the other blind.
And, said my guide to me : They wake no more
Henceforth, until the angelic trump shall sound,
When shall appear their enemy, with power.
Each then shall rebehold his burial mound,
Shall take, again, his earthly shape and clay,
And hear the doom that shall for ever resound.
So passed we forth, through filthy mixture, aye,
Of shadows and of rain, with slower paces,
Discoursing of the future life, alway.
Wherefore I said : Master, in these dread places
Shall pains increase, when the great doom is o'er,
Or shall they lessen, or have sharper traces ?
And he to me : Return unto thy lore,
Which says by how much aught may perfect be
So much of good or ill it feels the more.
Although this cursed people, as we see,
To true perfection never may ascend,
Worthier thenceforth than thitherto they'll be.

Around that way, and still around we wend,
Speaking much more than I again may show,
Unto the place from which we should descend :
There found we griesly Plutus, the great foe.



CANTO VII.

Pope Sathan has the sword, Pope Sathan dread !
Plutus began, with his hoarse voice, straightway ;
And that wise Gentile who knew all things said,
To strengthen me : Let not thy deep dismay
Harm thee, for power of his may not withhold
Thee from descending down this rock thy way.
Then to the bloated lips he turned, right bold,
Saying : Hold thou thy peace, accursed wolf ;
Inly consume thyself, with rage untold.
Not without cause shalt thou sink down this gulph ;
'Tis willed above, where Michael long ago
Avenged thy proud crime on thee, impious elf.
Even as the sails while with great wind outblown,
When the mast breaks, fall wrapping it around,
So fell to earth that cruel one, o'erthrown.

Thus down the fourth descent our path we wound,
Still overpassing more of that dread steep
Which swallows all the evil in nature found.
Justice of God ! how can I record keep
Of all the toils and pains I there beheld,
And for what gain doth sin thus rend us deep ?
As o'er Charybdis the high wave impelled
Breaks 'gainst the wave it meets, in swift career,
Thus are the folks enforced to wheel repelled.
More than elsewhere, saw I folks gathered here,
From one side to the other with loud howls
Turning their weight with bosom-force severe.
They struck against each other, hapless souls,
And then each wheeled around, with backward sweep
Crying : Why hoard ye ? and, Why waste ye, fools ?
Thus they returned, through the black circle steep,
From every part to the opposing side,
Screaming their shameful chaunt, in madness deep.
Then each one turned again, when he had hied
Into the midst, another rush to gain ;
And I whose heart, as 'twere, was wounded, cried :
Master of mine, show to me, now, explain
What folk is this, and if all those we view,
Upon our left, were priests, that tonsured train ?

And he to me: Those were a darkened crew,
So blind in mind, erst in their primal life,
That in dispense they no just measure knew.
Enough their loud voice barketh this, in strife,
When to the circle's bound they back have sped,
Where sins opposed divide them, as in life.
Priests were all they who have not on their head
The hairy covering, Popes and Cardinals
Whom avarice used in its excesses dread.
And I, once more: Master, among such thralls,
Say should I know again any who were
Unclean with those sad ills, as yet befalls.
And he to me: From that vain thought forbear:
The life misknown which made them foul before
Darkens them out from recognition, there.
To those two shocks will they come evermore;
Those from the sepulchre will rise again,
With their fists shut, and these with locks all shorn.
Ill-giving, ill-withholding, each have ta'en
The fair world from them, and at strife thus set,
What strife that is with words I not explain.
Now, son, thou mayest view the short-lived cheat
Of wealth that is disposed as Fortune's boon,
Wherewith mankind is puffed up, in deceit.

For all the gold that is beneath the moon
Or ever was, of all those wearied wights
Cannot bestow repose on even one.

Master, said I to him, now tell me right,
What is this Fortune whereof thou dost speak
That clutcheth so all worldly wealth and might.

And he to me : O senseless creatures weak,
What ignorance is this that wounds you so ?
Thou shalt imbibe my lore who now dost seek.

He whose great knowledge transcends all below,
Who made the heavens and gave to them a guide,
So that from place to place their lustres glow,

Bestowing equal light, both far and wide :

Right thus unto the glories of the earth

He set a general leader, to provide

That such might change the wealth of little worth

From folk to folk, from one blood to the other,

Beyond defence of human thought put forth,

That so one still might reign, while sinks another,

Following Fortune's doom, whose changeful wile

Lies hidden, as the snake in grassy cover.

Thy knowledge nought avails against her guile,

For she provides, and judges, and pursues

Her reign, as other gods do theirs, the while.

Her permutations ne'er have rest or truce,
For strong necessity still makes her swift,
As oft to those who follow change ensues.
She is the same against whom those uplift,
Wrongly, the voice of blame who should give praise,
Nor covet foolishly some evil gift.
But she is blest, nor hears the din they raise,
Glad 'mongst the other primal creatures, lo !
She turns her sphere, blissful in all her ways.
Descend we unto greater anguish, now ;
Each star already sets that rose in pride
When I came forth ; too long a stay forego.
To the other shore we crossed the circle wide
Over a boiling fount that poureth through
A dyke that hath therefrom its source and tide.
Its waters were more grey than dim of hue.
And so, in company with the grey waves
We entered down, where a rough pathway drew.
This dismal streamlet, when it downward raves,
At foot of the accursed twilight shore
Maketh the Stygian marsh, that there belaves.
And I who stood gazing intently o'er
Saw folks, within that foul morass, beneath,
All naked, and an ireful mien they wore.

These struck each other, not with hands but with
 Their heads and breasts and feet, all and each one
 Tearing each other piecemeal with their teeth.
Then said my master good : Even now, my son,
 Thou seest the souls o'ercome with anger high ;
 Also I will thee to believe that down
Under the water there be folk that sigh
 And make those bubblings to the surface flee,
 As thou mayest ken wherever turns thine eye.
Fixed in the mud, they say : Wretched were we,
 In the sweet air that's gladdened by the sun,
 Bearing the fumes of vile sloth, inwardly :
Here in the quagmire black we mourn undone.
 This hymn they gurgled upward in the throat,
 For with plain utterance could word it none.
Thus went we round the filthy slough, about,
 A great arch 'twixt the dry shore and the wet,
 With our eyes turned to the bemired rout :
At length we came beneath a tower great.

CANTO VIII.

Continuing, I say that ere we came
 Beneath the basement of that lofty tower,
 Upward we looked upon two jets of flame,
The which we saw shoot forth, in sudden power ;
 And straight another answering the sign,
 So far away the eye could scarce reach o'er.
And, turning to that sea of lore benign,
 I asked : What saith this fire ? What answers, yon,
 That other ? Who be those that made it shine ?
And he to me : O'er the foul billows wan,
 Thou canst perceive, even now, what is to come,
 If not hid from thee, by the smoke thereon :
Never did bow-string drive an arrow home
 That sped so fleetly through the whistling air,
 As then I saw a small bark o'er the foam

Come fleetly towards us, in that moment, there,
By one sole boatman guided on, amain,
Who cried : Fell soul, art come then to my care !
Phlegias, Phlegias, thy cry is vain,
This time, replied my lord unto him then,
Only in passing over shalt thou gain
To have us. As one who doth listening ken
Some cheat put on him, and is grieved thereon,
Such Phlegias grew in his anger then.
Into the bark my guide went quickly down,
And made me enter after him, at once.
Then, only, seemed it laden when I had gone
Thereinto. Soon as in that vessel's front
We sate, my guide and I, the ancient prow
Cut through the water deeper than 'twas wont.
While over the dead pool we scudded, so,
One rose before me full of mud, and said :
Who art thou, coming ere thy time below ?
And I to him : Though hither I have sped,
I stay not : but say thou, debased soul,
Who art thou ? One, thou seest, that mourns, he said.
And I to him : With grief and restless howl,
Accursed spirit, evermore remain,
For well I know thee, though thou art all foul.



Then both his hands he stretched, the bark to gain ;

Wherefore my wary master shoved him back,

Saying : Away unto the doggish train

Then he enfolded with his arms my neck,

And kissed my face, and said : Disdainful wight,

Blessed is she who bore thee, guilt to check.

That was a haughty one on earth, nor bright

With any worth to deck his memory,

And thus his shade is here, in furious plight.

How many that are kings, above, shall be

Like hogs within this slough, a piteous crew,

Leaving behind a horrid history.

And I : Master, full gladly would I view

Yon wretch plunged deeply in this mire, before,

Leaving the lake, our journey we pursue.

And he to me : Ere the opposing shore

Is seen, thy wish shall be on him fulfilled ;

In such desire 'tis meet to glad thee more.

Shortly thereafter, such an onset wild

I saw him suffer from the miry throng,

That still I thank the God such doom that willed.

All cried : On Philip Argenti rush along !

And the strange ireful Florentine, thereat,

Tore himself with his teeth, in fury strong,

There leave we him, nor more of such narrate ;
But on my ears soon struck a doleful moan,
So that I forward gazed, and watchful wait :
And my good master said : Even now, my son,
We near the city that is called Dis,
Whose dwellers grave in a huge crowd fare on.
And I : Within that vale of the abyss,
Already I discern her mosques and spires,
Red, as if hot from out the fire's dread kiss
They came. And he to me : The endless fires
That flame within thus redden them to view,
Nor e'er in this low Hell their fury tires.
Within the great deep ditches now we drew
That round about entrench that state forlorn :
Methought the walls were built of iron, through.
Not without tracing a great round, we're borne
Unto a place where the grim pilot cried,
Aloud : Go forth ; to yonder entrance turn.
More than a thousand o'er the gates I spied,
Rained from the sky, who raging wild exclaim :
Who is that wight that through the kingdom wide
Of the dead journeys, and without death came ?
And my wise master made a sign, in sight,
That he would speak, in secret, unto them.

Then somewhat they restrained their fell despite,
And said : Come singly ; send yon man away,
Who hath so boldly sought this realm of night.
Alone let him retrace his foolish way ;
Let him his knowledge try ; thou wilt remain
That wast his safeguard through the gloomy sway.
Think, reader, if I felt no terror, then,
At sound of those accursed words they spake,
Deeming I ne'er could thence return again.
O thou dear guide, that, more than seven times back
Hast rendered safety to me, and still won
From the deep peril that would on me break,
Leave me not thus, said I, for aye undone :
And if our further course we may not tread,
Retrace we now our steps, and quick be gone.
And he, that lord who thither me had led :
Fear not, while we such rightful mandates carry ;
None may prevent our passage on, he said :
But here await we, and thy spirit weary
Strengthen and feed with goodly hope, my son :
I'll leave thee not in this low region dreary.
Away, thus, went he, and left me alone,
My kindly sire, and I remain in doubt
While Yes and No within my mind strove on.

I could not hear that which he spoke without
To them ; but there he stood not long, for they
Went inward all to kindle war, about.
Our ireful foemen shut the gates, straightway,
Against my lord who outside still remained ;
Then slowly back to me he traced his way.
His eyes cast down on earth, with brows that bend,
And reft of joy, he said, between his sighs :
From yonder wailful dwellings I'm restrained.
And then to me : Let not thy wonder rise
That I am wroth, for I will those subdue,
Whate'er defenders shall within arise.
This evil-boldness is in them not new :
For thus they wrought, at a less secret gate
Which still is left without a lock thereto.
Above it thou didst see the words of fate ;
And now, on the hither side, descends the slope
One without escort round the circles great,
Through whom the entrance of the land shall ope.

CANTO IX.

That hue wherewith fear painted me without,
Seeing my guide return thus in sad mood,
Made him restrain his colour that from out
Just ire arose. Attentive there he stood
As one that hearkens, for the sable gloom
Hindered his view which thick mists overcloud.
Then he began : 'Tis fit that we o'ercome
In this hard strife,—if not—such aideth us—
Oh, how I deem that other slow to come !
Full well I saw how that he covered, thus,
His first speech, with the rest that followed there,
Which after-words were different from the first :
But, nathless, fear came on me then, unware,
Because, perchance, I drew an import worse
Then from his broken speech than it should bear.

Into this bottom of the deep accurst
 Descendeth, ever, one from the upmost round
 Whose pain is but to be from hope divorced ?
This question asked I. Rarely is it found,
 He answered me, that one of us may go
 Travelling this path through which my way I've wound.
'Tis true that once before I was below,
 Conjured by fell Erictho's witching wile,
 Whose call bade souls within their bodies go.
My flesh remained despoiled of me, awhile,
 When within yonder wall she made me enter,
 To draw a sprite from Judas' circle vile.
That is the lowest place, the darkest center,
 And farthest from the skies that compass all :
 Well do I know the way : then boldly venture.
This marsh that breathes such stench from its foul froth
 Engirds the woeful city round about,
 Whereinto now we may not go unwroth.
And more he said that now is past from out
 My mind, because the eye claimed all my ken
 Towards the high tower whose top with fire shone hot;
Where, in an instant, I saw quickly, then,
 Three hellish furies rise, with gore imbrowned,
 Who female members had, and haggish mien,

And with green adders they were girdled round.

 Their locks were serpentlings and snakes that grew,
 Wherewith their temples stern were wreathed and
 bound.

And he, who rightly the handmaidens knew
 Of the dire Queen of the eternal wail,
 Behold, said he, the hags of Hell in view!

This is Megera, on the left, dead-pale ;
 That, on the right, Alecto who doth weep ;
 Tisiphone in midst : he ended there.

Each with her claws rent her own bosom deep,
 Struck herself with her hands, and screamed so loud,
 That to the bard I cling, in terror deep.

Medusa, come, they cried, and gazing bowed
 Downward ; thus shall we turn that wretch to stone :
 Have we not been avenged on Theseus proud ?

Now turn thy back and close thine eyes, thereon
 My master said, for if the Gorgon dread
 Appears, and thou behold the fearful one,

Ne'er shalt thou up return ; and, as he said,
 He turned me round himself, nor trusted he
 My hands to shut mine eyes, but on them laid

His own. Mark well the hidden lore, O ye
 Of healthy intellects, the doctrine grave
 Under the veil of these dark verses see.

And now approached, over the turbid wave,
The rattling of a din, most full of fear,
Whereat shook both the shores whose echoes rave ;
Not otherwise than as a wind's career,
Driven impetuous from adverse heats,
Which rends the woods, and curbless, far and near,
Cleaves the strong boughs, and fells the trunks, and
beats
The blossoms down, while on it proudly sways,
And flocks and shepherds flee, where'er it fleets.
Soon he unbound mine eyes, and said : Now raise
Thy sight direct, over that ancient foam,
There where the fume its keenest power displays.
As frogs that see their foe, the adder, come,
And through the water, fast, affrighted flee,
Until each shrinks within his muddy home,
More than a thousand fallen souls I see,
Thus fleeing before one who, at the pass
Traversed the Styx, with feet from moisture free.
He moved the thick air from before his face,
With his left hand that oft athwart he drew,
And of more grievous pain he showed no trace.
That he was Heaven's messenger I knew,
Forthwith, and to my master turned, who made
A sign that I should meekly bow me to

That great one. Ah, what scorn his looks displayed !

He reached the gate, and oped it with a wand,

For there no obstacle his course delayed.

O outcasts of high Heaven, despised band,

Thus he began upon the threshold dread,

Whence cherish ye such outrage in the land ?

Wherefore against that mighty will make head

Whose purpose never can be unfulfilled,

And which to you ere now such sorrow bred ?

What boots it against fate to push, self-willed ?

If ye bethink you well, your Cerberus

Still hath, for this, his chin and gorget peeled.

Then back he turned him, nor said aught to us,

Towards the muddy way, and semblance wore

Of one whom other care constraineth, thus,

Than that of him who waited there, before :

And we moved on our feet towards the land,

After those holy words, afraid no more.

We entered without strife, where none withstand ;

And I who much desired to view the state

Of all that fortress girds, on either hand,

Gazed all around, soon as within the gate

I passed, and saw a country wide where woes

On every side abound, and torments great.

Even as at Arles, where the Rhone scarcely flows,
Or as at Pola, near Quarnaro's site
That laves Italia's bounds, her limits shows,
The place with sepulchres is all bedight,
Thus were they crowded there, from side to side,
Save that more dismal these were to the sight ;
For, all between the tombs, were scattered wide
Strong fires that heated them with burning flame,
Such as no art to iron e'er applied.
Their covers all were hung above the same,
And bitter lamentations rose thereout
That seemed as if from wretched ones they came.
And I : Master, within those arks, about,
Say, who be they that buried lie, and give
Such woeful sighs from painless rest shut out.
And he to me : Here the heresiarchs live
Long death, with all their followers of each kind,
And more than thou canst deem those tombs receive.
Here, like with like is buried and enshrined,
And, more or less, the monuments are hot.
Then, when he turned him to the right we find
Our way between the walls and that dread spot.

CANTO X.

And now my master, by a secret way
Between the wall and that tormented crew,
Goes onward, and I follow him alway.
O sovereign power that leadest me all through
The circles dire, even as thou wilt, from high
Speak, and content me, I began anew :
Say, can the folk be ever seen who lie
Within those sepulchres ? Already see,
The covers are upraised, no guard is nigh.
And he to me : Those all enclosed will be
When hither they from Josaphat return,
Clad in the clay that knew mortality.
The followers of Epicurus burn
Here with him ; all who doomed the soul to death,
Even as the body, here their errors mourn.

Wherefore, in that whereof thus questioneth
Thy speech, thou shalt within be satisfied,
As in the wish whereof it nothing saith.
And I: Good leader, I my heart thus hide
From thee, through fear of speaking aught undue,
And thou, not I, hast been herein my guide.
O Tuscan, that still living farest through
The city of fire, thus speaking meekly well,
Please thee to stay nor yet thy path pursue.
Unto mine ear thy speech doth plainly tell
That thou wast born within that noble land
To which, perchance, I was a scourge too fell.
Suddenly from an arch, there nigh at hand,
Issued this sound; wherefore I nearer drew
Unto my leader, while in fear I stand,
And he to me: Turn thee: what wouldst thou do?
Yonder see Farinata, raised upright:
Him, from the girdle upward thou shalt view.
I had already fixed on his my sight,
And he with head and breast erect was seen,
As if he scorned deep Hell, in woe's despite.
And now my guide, with fearless hands, between
The burial-chambers pushed me, where they flame,
Saying: Now let him hear thy words, within.

Soon as at foot of his dread tomb I came,
Somewhile he eyed me : then, in haughty wise,
He asked : Who were the elders of thy name ?
And I, that to obey him wished, disguise
Nothing thereof from him, but told him all ;
Wherefore he somewhat upward raised his eyes.
Then said he : Those were fiercely set, withal,
'Gainst me and my forefathers, and our sway,
So that twice o'er I drove them to their fall.
If they were scattered, yet they found the way
Back to return, each time, I straight replied,
But such an art your race could ne'er display.
Then, there arose in sight a shade, beside
That other, to the chin discovered, too ;
Methinks he kneeling rose. The place he eyed
Around me, as if he desired to view
Whether one other were below with me ;
But, when he found his bodings were untrue,
Weeping he said : Through this blind prison, free
By loftiness of soul, if thou art borne,
Where is my son ? Why is he not with thee ?
And I to him : Not I have reached this bourne
Self-moved ; who waits me, yonder, leads me here,
One whom, perhaps, your Guido had in scorn.

His words, the manner of his pain severe,
Already told me this lost being's name,
Wherefore I gave him such an answer clear.
Suddenly rising, he did loud exclaim :
How didst thou say, he had ? Lives he not still ?
Doth not the fair light warm that mortal frame ?
When he perceived that I delayed, awhile,
Ere I replied again, he fell opprest
Supine, nor more appeared, without that coil.
But there that other great one, whose request
Had stayed me, changed not his proud mien, nor drew
To either side, nor bowed his neck or breast.
And if, continuing his discourse, anew,
If they have badly learnt such art, quoth he,
That pains me more than this dread couch can do.
But not full fifty times relumed shall be
The visage of the lady who reigns here,
Ere thou shalt find that art full hard to thee.
And if thou canst return to earth's sweet sphere,
Tell me, why is that people still so fell
Against my race, in every law severe ?
And I replied : The slaughter that befell
Where Arbia ran, coloured with bloody red,
Wrought such a voice within our fane to swell.

After he sighed, and sadly shook his head,
Thereat, said he, not I alone was found,
Nor yet without a cause the others led :
But I was all alone, when, to the ground
Florence was doomed, by each, to be o'erthrown :
'Twas I defended her, 'gainst all around.
Ah, may your seed have rest, O valiant one,
Him I besought, and now untie the knot
That binds my judgment, so, in darkness down.
It seems that you foreknow, if well I wot,
That which the coming time shall bring to pass,
And insight of the present you have not.
We view, said he, even as one who has
Dim sight, the things that be from us afar,
Nor more of the great light have we, alas !
When these befall, or come, all worthless are
Our intellects, and, if none teach from thence,
Nought are we of your human state aware.
Therefore, thou mayest discern, our prescience
Will be, for ever from that moment, dead,
When shuts the gate o' the future on our sense.
Then, sorrowing for my heedless fault, I said :
I pray you, tell that fallen one to know
That still his son is with the living led.

And if, before, my answer was too slow
Tell him 'twas thus because I mused upon
The error then from which you've freed me, now.
And now my master called me to be gone ;
Wherefore with hastier words that sprite I prayed
To tell me who were with him, there, undone.
More than a thousand are about me laid,
Quoth he : within, the second Frederick lies ;
The cardinal ; and, for the rest, I've said.
Then did he hide himself ; and toward the wise
Ancient I turned my steps, still pondering, there,
The import of that speech, with downcast eyes.
He moved : and, then, as on our path we fare,
Asked me : Now wherefore art thou daunted so ?
And I gave answer to his question fair.
Keep in thy mind what thou hast heard of woe
On thee to come, that sage commanded me :
And here now mark, and up he pointed, too,
When thou before the kindly ray shalt be
Of her whose beauteous eye beholdeth all
She'll teach thee what thy way through life shall see.
Then toward the left he turned, and from the wall
On to the midst, along a path we went
Which leads unto a vale whose stench, withal,
Even upward thitherto its foulness sent.

NOTICE.

The remaining cantos of the Hell will be published early in 1837, uniformly with the preceding specimen, and will complete the First Volume of the Translation of Dante.

Errata to the Original Poems.

- Page 1, line 4, for 'rifely' read *rifely*.
— 2, line 13, for 'noisesome' read *noisome*.
— 87, line 3 from bottom, for 'bulwork' read *bulwark*.
— 181, last line, for 'shall' read *she'll*.
— 245, line 12, for 'm'apparecchia' read *m'apparecchio*.

Errata to the Dante.

- Page 7, line 3 from bottom, for 'nation great' read *birth and race*.
— 50, lines 4 and 9. for 'Phlegias' read *Phlegyas*.

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